Miſcellany POEMS

ON

Several Occaſions.

BY

Mr. *POMFRET*, Deceas'd,

AUTHOR of the *CHOICE*.

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THE PREFACE.

IT will be to little Purpoſe, the Author preſumes, to offer any Reaſons, why the following Poems appear in Publick; for 'tis ten to one whether he gives the true; and if he does, 'tis much greater odds whether the Gentle Reader is ſo courteous to believe him. He cou'd tell the World, according to the laudable Cuſtom of Prefaces, that it was thro' the Irreſiſtible Importunity of Friends, or ſome other Excuſe of Ancient Renown, that he ventur'd 'em to the Preſs; but he thought it much better to leave every Man to gueſs for himſelf, and then he would be ſure to ſatisfy himſelf. For let what will be pretended, People are grown ſo very apt to fancy, they are always in the Right, unleſs it hit their Humour, 'tis immediately condemned for a Sham and Hypocriſy. In ſhort, that which wants an Excuſe for being in Print, ought not to have been Printed at all; but whether the enſuing Poems deſerve to ſtand in that Claſs, the World muſt have leave to determine. What Fault the true Judgment of the Gentleman may find out, 'tis to be hop'd his Candour and good Humour will eaſily pardon; but thoſe which the Peeviſhneſs and Ill-nature of the Critick may diſcover, muſt expect to be unmercifully us'd; tho' methinks it is a very prepoſterous Pleaſure to ſcratch other Perſons till the Blood comes, and then Laugh at, and Ridicule them.

Some

The PREFACE.

Some Persons perhaps may wonder, how a thing of this Nature dare come into the World without the Protection of some Great Name, as they call it, and a fulsome Epistle Dedicatory to his Grace, or Right Honourable: For if a Poem *struts out under my Lord's Patronage the Author imagines 'tis no less than* Scandalum Magnatum *to dislike it; especially if he thinks fit to tell the World that this same Lord is a Person of wonderful Wit and Understanding, a Notable Judge of* Poetry, *and a very considerable* Poet *himself. But if a* Poem *have no Intrinsick Excellences, and Real Beauties the Greatest Name in the World will never induce a Man of Sense to approve it; and if it has them,* Tom Piper's *is as good as my* Lord Duke's; *the only Difference is,* Tom *claps half an Ounce of Snuff into the Poet's Hand, and his* Grace *Twenty Guineas: For indeed there lies the Strength of a Great Name, and the best Protection an Author can receive from it.*

To please every one would be a new thing, and to write so as to please no body would be as new; for even Quarles *and* Withers *have their Admirers. The Author is not so fond of Fame, to desire it from the Injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a Temper not to wish it from the discerning Few. 'Tis not the Multitude of Applauses, but the good Sense of the Applauders, which establishes a valuable Reputation: And if a* Rymer *or a* Congreve *say 'tis well; he will not be at all sollicitous how great the Majority may be to the contrary.*

THE

THE CHOICE.

IF Heav'n the Grateful Liberty wou'd give,
That I might Chuſe my Method how to Live:
And all thoſe Hours, propitious Fate ſhould lend,
In bliſsful Eaſe, and Satisfaction ſpend.

Near ſome fair Town, I'd have a private Seat,
Built Uniform, not Little, nor too Great:
Better, if on a Riſing Ground it ſtood;
Fields on this ſide, on that a Neighbouring Wood;
It ſhou'd within no other Things contain,
But what were Uſeful, Neceſſary, Plain:
Methinks 'tis Nauſeous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needleſs Pomp of Gaudy Furniture.
A little Garden, Grateful to the Eye,
And a Cool Rivulet run murm'ring by:

On whoſe delicious Banks a ſtately Row
Of Shady Limes, or Sycamores ſhould grow.
At th' End of which a ſilent Study plac'd,
Shou'd be with all the Nobleſt Authors Grac'd.
Horace, and *Virgil*, in whoſe Mighty Lines
Immortal Wit, and Solid Learning ſhines.
Sharp *Juvenal*, and Am'rous *Ovid* too,
Who all the Turns of Loves ſoft Paſſion knew;
He that with Judgment reads his charming Lines,
In which ſtrong Art, with ſtronger Nature joyns,
Muſt grant his Fancy does the beſt Excel:
His Thoughts ſo tender, and Expreſt ſo well.
With all thoſe Moderns, Men of ſteady Senſe,
Eſteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence.
In ſome of theſe, as Fancy ſhou'd Adviſe,
I'd always take my Morning Exerciſe:
For ſure no Minutes bring us more Content,
Than thoſe in Pleaſing, Uſeful Studies ſpent.

I'd have a Clear, and Competent Eſtate
That I might Live Gentilely, but not Great.

As much as I cou'd moderately ſpend,
A little more, ſometimes t'Oblige a Friend.
Nor ſhou'd the Sons of Poverty Repine
Too much at Fortune, they ſhou'd Taſte of mine;
And all that Objects of true Pitty were,
Shou'd be Reliev'd with what my Wants cou'd ſpare.
For that, our Maker has too largely giv'n,
Shou'd be return'd, in Gratitude, to Heav'n.
A frugal Plenty ſhou'd my Table ſpread;
With Healthy, not Luxurious Diſhes Fed:
Enough to Satisfy, and ſomething more
To Feed the Stranger, and the Neighb'ring Poor.
Strong Meat indulges Vice, and Pamp'ring Food
Creates Diſeaſes, and inflames the Blood.
But what's ſufficient to make Nature ſtrong,
And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
I'd freely take, and as I did Poſſeſs,
The Bounteous Author of my Plenty Bleſs.

I'd have a little Vault, but always ſtor'd
With the Beſt Wines, each Vintage cou'd afford.

Wine whets the Wit, improves its Native force,
And gives a pleaſant Flavour to Diſcourſe:
By making all our Spirits Debonair,
Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.
But as the greateſt Bleſſing, Heaven lends,
May be Debauch'd, and ſerve Ignoble Ends:
So, but too oft, the Grapes refreſhing Juice
Does many Miſchievous Effects produce,
My Houſe ſhou'd no ſuch rude Diſorders know,
As from high Drinking conſequently flow.
Nor wou'd I uſe, what was ſo kindly giv'n,
To the Diſhonour of Indulgent Heav'n.
If any Neighbour came, he ſhou'd be Free,
Us'd with Reſpect, and not uneaſy be,
In my Retreat, or to himſelf, or me.
What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reaſon give,
All Men may with Impunity receive:
But the leaſt ſwerving from their Rule's too much:
For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.

That Life might be more Comfortable yet,
And all my Joys Refin'd, Sincere, and Great;

I'd

I'd Chuſe two Friends, whoſe Company wou'd be
A great Advance to my Felicity.
Well Born, of Humours ſuited to my own;
Diſcreet, and Men, as well as Books, have known.
Brave, Gen'rous, Witty, and exactly Free
From looſe Behaviour, or Formality.
Airy, and Prudent, Merry, but not Light;
Quick in Diſcerning, and in Judging right.
Secret they ſhou'd be, Faithful to their Truſt;
In Reas'ning Cool, Strong, Temperate, and Juſt.
Obliging, Open, without Huffing Brave,
Brisk in Gay Talking, and in Sober, Grave.
Cloſe in Diſpute, but not Tenacious, try'd
By Solid Reaſon, and let that Decide.
Not prone to Luſt, Revenge, or Envious Hate:
Nor buſy Medlers with Intreagues of State.
Strangers to Slander, and ſworn Foes to Spight:
Not Quarrelſom, but Stout enough to Fight.
Loyal, and Pious, Friends to *Cæſar*, true,
As Dying Martyrs, to their Maker too.
In their Society, I cou'd not miſs
A Permanent, Sincere, Subſtantial Bliſs.

Wou'd Bounteous Heav'n once more Indulge, I'd [choose,
(For who wou'd ſo much Satisfaction looſe,
As witty Nymphs, in Converſation, give,)
Near ſome Obliging, Modeſt Fair to live;
For there's that Sweetneſs in a Female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find:
That by a Secret, but a Pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Springs of Life, and does impart
Freſh Vital Heat to the Tranſported Heart.

I'd have her Reaſon all her Paſſions ſway;
Eaſy in Company, in Private Gay:
Coy to a Fop, to the Deſerving Free,
Still Conſtant to her ſelf, and Juſt to me.
A Soul ſhe ſhou'd have, for Great Actions fit;
Prudence, and Wiſdom to direct her Wit:
Courage to look bold Danger in the Face,
No Fear, but only to be Proud, or Baſe:
Quick to Adviſe, by an Emergence preſt,
To give good Counſel, or to take the beſt.

I'd have th' Expreſſion of her Thoughts be ſuch,
She might not ſeem Reſerv'd, nor talk too much;
That ſhews a want of Judgment and of Senſe:
More than Enough is but Impertinence.
Her Conduct Regular, her Mirth Refin'd,
Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind.
Averſe to Vanity, Revenge, and Pride,
In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd.
So Faithful to her Friend, and Good to all,
No Cenſure might upon her Actions fall:
Then wou'd e'en Envy be compell'd to ſay,
She goes the leaſt of Woman-kind Aſtray,

To this Fair Creature I'd ſometimes Retire;
Her Converſation wou'd new Joys inſpire;
Give Life an Edge ſo keen, no ſurly Care
Would venture to Aſſault my Soul, or dare
Near my Retreat to hide one ſecret Snare.
But ſo Divine, ſo Noble a Repaſt
I'd ſeldom, and with Moderation, taſte.
For Higheſt Cordials all their Virtue looſe,
By a too frequent, and too bold an Uſe:

And what wou'd Cheer the Spirits in Diſtreſs;
Ruines our Health, when taken to Exceſs.

I'd be concern'd in no Litigious Jar,
Belov'd by all, not vainly Popular,
What e're Aſſiſtance I had Pow'r to bring
T'Oblige my Country, or to Serve my King,
When e're they Call'd, I'd readily afford
My Tongue, my Pen, my Counſel, or my Sword.
Law Suits I'd ſhun, with as much ſtudious Care,
As I wou'd Dens were hungry Lyons are:
And rather put up Injuries; than be
A Plague to him who'd be a Plague to me.
I value Quiet at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge ſo dear a Rate:
For what do we, by all our Buſtle, gain,
But Counterfeit Delight, for real Pain?

If Heav'n a Date of many Years wou'd give,
Thus I'd in Pleaſure, Eaſe, and Plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation, (for I'd have no Wife)

Shou'd

Shou'd take upon him all my Worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd;
Nor have the Ev'ning of my days perplex'd.
But by a ſilent, and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, reſign my Aged Breath:
And when committed to the Duſt, I'd have
Few Tears, but Friendly, dropt into my Grave.
Then wou'd my Exit ſo propitious be;
All Men wou'd wiſh to Live, and Dye like me.

LOVE

LOVE

Triumphant Over

REASON.

THo' Gloomy Thoughts disturb'd my Anxious [Breast
All the long Night, and drove away my Rest;
Just as the Dawning Day began to rise,
A grateful Slumber clos'd my Waking Eyes:
But active Fancy to strange Regions flew,
And brought Surprizing Objects to my View.

Methought I walk'd in a Delightful Grove,
The soft Retreat of Gods, when Gods made Love.
Each Beauteous Object my Charm'd Soul amaz'd,
And I on Each with equal Wonder gaz'd;

Nor

Nor knew which moſt Delighted, all was Fine,
The Noble Product of ſome Pow'r Divine.
But as I travers'd the Obliging Shade,
Which Myrtle, Jeſſamin, and Roſes made,
I ſaw a Perſon, whoſe Cœleſtial Face
At firſt declar'd Her Goddeſs of the Place;
But I diſcover'd, when approaching near,
An Aſpect full of Beauty, but Severe:
Bold, and Majeſtic, ev'ry awful Look
Into my Soul a Secret Terrour ſtrook.
Advancing father on, She made a ſtand,
And beckon'd me, I kneeling, Kiſs'd her Hand;
Then thus began---- Bright Deity! for ſo
You are, no Mortal ſuch Perfections know;
I may Intrude, but how I was Convey'd
To this ſtrange Place, or by what Pow'rful Aid.
I'm wholly Ignorant, nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do Adore,
Inſtruct me then, that I no longer may
In Darkneſs Serve the Goddeſs I Obey.

Youth,

Youth, ſhe reply'd, this Place belongs to One,
By whom you'll be, and Thouſands are Undone.
Theſe pleaſant Walks, and all theſe Shady Bow'rs
Are in the Government of Dangerous Pow'rs.
Love's the Capricious Maſter of this Coaſt,
This fatal Labyrinth, where Fools are loſt.
I dwell not here amidſt theſe Gaudy Things,
Whoſe ſhort Enjoyment no true Pleaſure brings.
But have an Empire of a Nobler Kind,
My Regal Seat's in the Celeſtial Mind;
Where with a Godlike, and a Peaceful Hand
I Rule, and make thoſe Happy I Command.
For while I Govern, all within's at Reſt.
No Stormy Paſſion Revels in the Breaſt:
But when my Pow'r is Deſpicable grown,
And Rebel Appetites Uſurp my Throne,
The Soul no longer quiet Thoughts enjoys;
But all is Tumult, and Eternal Noiſe.
Know Youth! I'm Reaſon, which you've oft deſpis'd,
Iam that Reaſon, which you never Priz'd:

And tho' my Arguments Succeſsleſs prove,
(For Reaſon ſeems Impertinence in Love.)
Yet I'll not ſee my Charge, for all Mankind
Are to my Guardianſhip by Heav'n aſſign'd,
Into the Graſp of any Ruin run,
That I can Warn 'em of, and they may ſhun.
Fly Youth theſe Guilty Shades, retreat in time
E're your Miſtake's converted to a Crime;
For Ignorance no longer can attone,
When once the Error, and the Fault is known.
You thought perhaps, as Giddy Youth inclines,
Imprudently to value all that Shines,
In theſe Retirements freely to Poſſeſs
True Joy, and ſtrong ſubſtantial Happineſs.
But here Gay Folly keeps her Courts, and here
In Crouds her Tributary Fops appear;
Who blindly Laviſh of their Golden Days,
Conſume them all in her Fallacious Ways.
Pert Love with her, by joint Commiſſion Rules
In this Capacious Realm of Idle Fools;
Who by falſe Arts, and Popular Deceits,
The Careleſs, Fond, Unthinking Mortal Cheats.

'Tis

'Tis Eaſy to deſcend into the Snare,
By the pernicious Conduct of the Fair;
But Safely to return from this Abode
Requires the Wit, the Prudence of a God;
Tho' you, who have not taſted that Delight,
Which only at a Diſtance charms your Sight;
May with a little toil retrieve your Heart,
Which Loſt, is Subject to eternal Smart.
Bright *Delia*'s Beauty, I muſt needs confeſs,
Is truly Great, nor would I make it Leſs:
That were to Wrong Her where She Merits moſt,
But Dragons guard the Fruit, and Rocks the Coaſt.
And who wou'd run, that's moderately Wiſe,
A Certain Danger for a Doubtful Prize?
If you miſcarry, you are Loſt ſo far,
(For there's no erring Twice in Love, and War)
You'l ne'er recover, but muſt always Wear
Thoſe Chains, you'l find it Difficult to bear.
Delia has Charms, I own, ſuch Charms wou'd move
Old Age, and frozen Impotence to Love;
But do not Venture where ſuch Danger lies,
Avoid the Sight of thoſe Victorious Eyes,

Whoſe

Whoſe pois'nous Rays do to the Soul impart
Delicious Ruine, and a pleaſing Smart.
You draw, Inſenſibly, Deſtruction near,
And Love the Danger, which you ought to fear.
If the Light Pains, you labour under Now
Deſtroy your Eaſe, and make your Spirits Bow;
You'l find 'em much more Grievous to be born,
When Heavier made by an Imperious Scorn.
Nor can you hope, She will your Paſſion hear
With Softer Notions, or a kinder Ear,
Than thoſe of other Swains, who always found,
She rather Widen'd, then Clos'd up the Wound.
But grant ſhe ſhou'd indulge your Flame, and give
Whate're you'd Ask, nay all you can Receive;
The Short-liv'd Pleaſure wou'd ſo quickly Cloy,
Bring ſuch a Weak, and ſuch a Feeble Joy,
You'd have but ſmall Encouragement to Boaſt
The Tinſel Rapture Worth the Pains it Coſt.
Conſider *Strephon* Soberly of things,
What *Strange* Inquietudes Love always Brings,
The Fooliſh Fears, Vain Hopes, and Jealouſies,
Which ſtill attend upon this Fond Diſeaſe:

How

How you muſt Cringe and Bow, Submit and Whine,
Call ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Look, Divine;
Commend each Sentence with an humble Smile,
Tho' Non-Sence, Swear it is a heav'nly Style.
Servilely Rail at all She diſapproves,
And as Ignobly, Flatter all She Loves.
Renounce your very Sence, and ſilent Sit,
While ſhe puts off Impertinence for Wit.
Like Setting Dog new Whip'd for Springing Game,
You muſt be made by Due Correction Tame:
But if you can endure the Nauſeous Rule
Of Woman, do, Love on, and be a Fool.
You know the Danger, your own Methods Uſe,
The Good, or Evil's in your pow'r to Chuſe;
But who'd expect a Short, and Dubious Bliſs
On the Declining of a Precipice:
Where if he Slips, not Fate it ſelf can Save
The falling Wretch from an Untimely Grave.

Thou Great Directrix of our Minds, Said I,
We Safely on your Dictates may rely:

And that which you have now so Kindly Prest
Is True, and without Contradiction Best;
But with a Steady Sentence to controul
The Heat, and Vigor of a Youthful Soul,
While Gay Temptations hover in our Sight,
And daily bring New Objects of Delight,
Which on us with Surprizing Beauty Smile,
Is Difficult, but 'tis a Noble Toyl.
The Best may Slip, and the most Cautious fall,
He's more than Mortal that ne're Err'd at all:
And, tho' fair *Delia* has my Soul possest
I'le Chase her bright *Idea* from my Breast.
At Least I'll make one Essay, if I fail,
And *Delia*'s Charms o'er Reason does prevail,
I may be sure from Rigid Censures free,
Love was my Foe, and Love's a Deity.

Then She rejoyn,d, may you Successful prove
In your Attempt to curb Imperious Love,
Then will Proud Passion own her Rightful Lord,
You to your self, I to my Throne restor'd;
But to confirm your Courage, and inspire
Your Resolution with a bolder Fire,

Follow me Youth! I'll ſhow you that ſhall move
Your Soul to Curſe the Tyranny of Love.

Then ſhe convey'd me to a Diſmal Shade,
Which Melancholy Yew, and Cyprus made;
Where I beheld an Antiquated Pile
Of rugged Building in a Narrow Iſle;
The Water round it gave a Nauſeous Smell,
Like Vapours Steeming from a Sulphurous Cell.
The Ruin'd Wall compos'd of Stinking Mud,
O'regrown with Hemlock, on Supporters Stood;
As did the Roof, ungrateful to the View
'Twas both an Hoſpital, and Bedlam too.
Before the Entrance mould'ring bones were Spread
Some Skellitons Intire, ſome lately dead,
A little Rubbiſh looſly Scatter'd o'er
Their Bodies, Uninterr'd lay round the Door.
No Fun'ral Rites to any here were paid,
But Dead like Dogs into the Duſt convey'd.
From Hence, by Reaſon's Conduct, I was brought
Thro' various turnings to a Spacious Vaut,

Where

Where I beheld, and 'twas a Mournful Sight,
Vaſt Crouds of Wretches, all debatr'd from Light;
But What a few dim Lamps expiring had,
Which mad the Proſpect more amazing Sad;
Some Wept, Some Rav'd, Some Muſically Mad.
Some Swearing Loud, and Others Laughing; Some
Were always Talking, Others always Dumb.
Here One, a Dagger in his Breaſt, expires,
And quenches with his Blood his Am'rous fires:
There Hangs a Second, and not far Remov'd,
A Third lies poiſon'd, Who Falſe *Celia* Lov'd.
All Sorts of Madneſs, Ev'ry Kind of Death,
By which Unhappy Mortals loſe their Breath,
Was there expos'd before my Wondring Eyes,
The ſad Effect of Female Treacheries.
Others I Saw, which were not quite bereft
Of Senſe, tho very Small Remains were left,
Curſing the fatal Folly of their Youth,
For truſting to Perjurious Womans Truth,
Theſe on the Left. Upon the Right a View
Of Equal Horrour, equal Mis'ry too,

Amazing all employ'd my troubl'd thought,
And with New Wonder, New Averſion brought.
There I beheld a Wretched num'rous Throng
Of Pale Lean Mortals, ſome lay Stretch'd along
On Beds of Straw, Diſconſolate and Poor,
Others extended Naked on the Floor:
Exil'd from Humane Pity, here they lie
And Know no End of Mis'ry till they Die:
But Death which comes in Gay, and Proſperous Days
Too Soon, in times of Miſery Delays.

Theſe Dreadful Spectacles had ſo much Pow'r,
I Vow'd, and Solemnly, to Love No more:
For ſure that Flame is Kindled from Below,
Which breeds ſuch Sad variety of Woe.

Then we deſcending by ſome few Degrees
From this Stupendious Scene of Miſeries;
Bold Reaſon brought me to another Cave
Dark as the Inmoſt Chambers of the Grave.
Here Youth She cry'd, in the Acuteſt Pain
Thoſe Villains lie, who have their Fathers Slain.

Stab'd

Stab'd their own Brothers, Nay their Friends, to pleaſe
Ambitious, Proud, Revengeful Miſtreſſes;
Who after all their Services, preferr'd
Some Rugged Fellow of the Brawny Herd,
Before theſe Wretches, who deſpairing dwell
In Agonies no Humane Tongue can tell.
Darkneſs prevents the too Amazing Sight,
And you may bleſs the Happy Want of Light.
But my tormented Ears were fill'd with Sighs,
Expiring Groans, and lamentable Cries,
So very Sad I could endure no more,
Methought I felt the Miſeries they bore.

Then to my Guide ſaid I, for pitty now
Conduct me Back, here I Confirm my Vow;
Which if I dare Infringe, be this my Fate,
To Die thus Wretched, and Repent too Late.
The Charms of Beauty I'll no more purſue;
Delia Farewel, Farewel for ever too.

Then we return'd to the Delightful Grove,
Where Reaſon Still diſſwaded me from Love.

You See, She cry'd, what Misery attends
On Love, and Where too frequently it Ends;
And let not that Unweildy Passion Sway
Your Soul, which none but Whining Fools Obey.
The Masculine, brave Spirit, Scorns to Own
That Proud Usurper of my Sacred Throne;
Nor with Idolatrous Devotion pays
To the False God, or Sacrifice, or Praise.
The Syrens Musick Charms the Sailers Ear,
But he is ruin'd, if he Stops to hear;
And if you Listen, Love's Harmonious Voice,
As much Delights, as certainly Destroys.
Ambrosia mix'd with *Aconite* may have
A Pleasant Tast, but sends you to the Grave;
For tho' the Latent Poison may be still
A while, It very seldom fails to Kill.
But who'd partake the Food of Gods to Die
Within a Day, or Live in Misery,
Who'd Eat with Emperours, if o'er his Head
A Poniard Hung, but by a Single Thread?
Love's Banquets are Extravagantly Sweet,
And either Kill, or Surfeit all that Eat;

Who, when the Sated Appetite is tir'd,
Even Loath the Thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You've promis'd *Strephon*, to forſake the Charms
Of *Delia*, tho She Courts you to her Arms;
And ſure I may your Reſolution truſt,
You'll Never want Temptation, but be Juſt.
Vows of this Nature, Youth, muſt not be Broke,
You're always Bound, tho' 'tis a Gentle Yoke.
Wou'd Men be Wiſe, and my Advice purſue;
Love's Conqueſt would be ſmall, his Triumphs Few:
For Nothing can oppoſe his Tyranny,
With ſuch a Proſpect of Succeſs as I:
Me he Deteſts, and from my Preſence Flies,
Who know his Arts, and Stratagems deſpiſe:
By which he cancels mighty Wiſdom's Rules
To make himſelf the Deity of Fools:
Him Dully they adore, him blindly Serve,
Some while they're Sots, and others while they Starve.
For thoſe, who under his Wild Conduct go,
Either come Cockſcombs, or he makes 'em ſo.
His Charms deprive, by their Strange Influence,
The Brave of Courage, and the Wiſe of Sence;

In Vain Philoſophy wou'd ſet the mind
At Liberty, if once by him Confin'd:
The Scholars Learning, and the Poets Wit
A While may Struggle, but at laſt Submit:
Well weigh'd Reſults, and Wiſe Concluſions ſeem
But Empty Chat, Impertinence to him,
His Opiates Seize ſo Strongly on the Brain,
They make all Prudent Applications Vain.
If therefore you Reſolve to Live at Eaſe,
To taſt the Sweetneſs of Internal Peace:
Wou'd not for Safety to a Battle fly,
Or Chuſe a Shipwreck, if afraid to die,
Far from theſe pleaſurable Shades remove,
And leave the Fond Inglorious Toyl of Love.

This ſaid, She Vaniſh'd, and Methought I found
My ſelf tranſported to a Riſing Ground,
From whence I did a Pleaſant Vale Survey;
Large was the Proſpect, Beautiful, and Gay.
There I beheld th' Apartments of Delight,
Whoſe curious Forms Oblig'd the Wondring Sight.

Some in Full View upon the Champion plac'd,
With Lofty Walls, and cooling Streams embrac'd:
Others, in Shady Groves, retir'd from Noiſe,
The Seats of Private and Exalted Joys.
At a great Diſtance I perceiv'd there ſtood
A Stately Building in a Spacious Wood,
Whoſe Guilded Turrets rais'd their beauteous Heads,
High in the Air to View the Neighbouring Meads,
Where Vulgar Lovers Spent their Happy Days
In Ruſtick Dancing and Delightful Plays.
But while I gaz'd with Admiration round,
I heard from far Celeſtial Muſick ſound,
So Soft, ſo Moving, ſo Harmonious all,
The Artful Charming Notes did riſe and fall;
My Soul, tranſported with the Grateful Ayres,
Shook off the Preſſures of its Former Fears.
I felt afreſh the Little God begin
To Stir himſelf, and Gently move within:
Then I repented I had vow'd no more
To Love, or *Delia*'s Beauteous Eyes adore:
Why am I now condemn'd to Baniſhment,
And made an Exile by my Own Conſent.

I Sighing cry'd? Why ſhou'd I live in Pain
Thoſe Fleeting Hours, which ne're return again?
O *Delia*! what can wretched *Strephon* do?
Inhumane to himſelf, and falſe to you.
'Tis true, I've promis'd Reaſon to remove
From theſe Retreats, and quit bright *Delia's* Love.
But is not Reaſon partially Unkind?
Are all her Votaries like me confin'd?
Muſt none, that under her Dominion Live,
To Love, and Beauty, Veneration give?
Why then did Nature Youthful *Delia* grace
With a Majeſtick Mien, and Charming Face?
Why did She give her that ſurprizing Air,
Make her ſo Gay, ſo Witty, and ſo Fair?
Miſtreſs of all, that can Affection Move;
If Reaſon will not Suffer us to Love?
But Since it muſt be ſo, I'll Haſt away,
'Tis fatal to Return, and Death to Stay.
From you, bleſt Shades, (if I may call you ſo
Inculpable) with mighty Pain I go.
Compell'd from Hence, I leave my Quiet Here,
I may find Safety, but I Buy it Dear.

Then

Then turning round, I ſaw a Beauteous Boy,
Such as of Old were Meſſengers of Joy:
Who art thou, or from whence? if ſent, ſaid I,
To me, my Haſte requires a Quick Reply.

I come, he cry'd, from yon Celeſtial Grove,
Where ſtands the Temple of the God of Love:
With whoſe Important Favour you are Grac'd,
And, Juſtly in his high Protection plac'd.
Be Grateful, *Strephon*, and Obey that God,
Whoſe Sceptre ne'er is chang'd into a Rod,
That God to whom the Haughty, and the Proud,
The Bold, the Braveſt, nay the Beſt have bow'd:
That God, whom all the Leſſer Gods adore;
Firſt in Exiſtence, and the Firſt in Pow'r.
From him I come, on Embaſſy Divine,
To tell thee *Delia*, *Delia* may be thine.
To whom all Beauties rightful Tribute pay,
Delia the Young, the Lovely, and the Gay.
If you Dare puſh your Fortune, if you Dare
But be reſolv'd, and preſs the yielding Fair.

Suc-

Succeſs, and Glory will your Labours Crown;
For Fate does rarely on the Valiant Frown.
But were you ſure to be Unkindly us'd,
Coldly receiv'd, and Scornfully Refus'd;
He Greater Glory, and more Fame obtains,
Who Looſes *Delia*, than who *Phyllis* Gains.
But to prevent all Fears that may ariſe,
(Tho' Fears ne'er move the Daring, and the Wiſe)
In the Dark Volumes of Eternal Doom,
Where all things Paſt, and Preſent, and to Come
Are Writ, I ſaw theſe Words; -- It is Decreed
That *Strephon's* Love to *Delia* ſhall Succeed.
What wou'd you more? while Youth and Vigour laſt,
Love, and be Happy, they Decline too faſt:
In Youth alone you're capable to prove
The mighty Tranſports of a Generous Love.
For dull Old Age with fumbling Labour Cloys
Before the Bliſs, or gives but Wither'd Joys;
Youth's the beſt time for Action Mortals have,
That Paſt, they touch the Confines of the Grave.
Now if you hope to lie in *Delia's* Arms,
To Die in Raptures, and Diſſolve in Charms,

Quick

Quick to the Bliſsful happy Manſion fly,
Where all is one continu'd Extacy.
Delia Impatiently expects you there,
And ſure you will not diſappoint the Fair.
None but the Impotent, or Old, wou'd ſtay,
When Love Invites, and Beauty calls away.

Oh, you convey, ſaid I, dear charming Boy!
Into my Soul a Strange Diſorder'd Joy.
I wou'd, but dare not your Advice purſue;
I've promis'd Reaſon, and I muſt be true:
Reaſon's the Rightful Empreſs of the Soul,
Does all Exorbitant Deſires controul;
Checks ev'ry Wild Excurſion of the Mind,
By her Wiſe Dictates, Happily confin'd.
And he that will not her Command Obey,
Leaves a ſafe Convoy in a Dangerous Sea.
True, I Love *Delia* to a vaſt Exceſs,
But I muſt try to make my Paſſion Leſs:
Try, if I can, if Poſſible, I Will;
For I have Vow'd, and muſt that Vow fulfil.

Oh!

Oh! had I not, with what a Vigorous Flight
Cou'd I purſue the Quarrys of Delight?
How cou'd I preſs Fair *Delia* in theſe Arms,
Till I diſſolv'd in Love, and ſhe in Charms.
But now no more I muſt her Beauties View,
Yet Tremble at the Thought to leave her too.
What wou'd I give, I might my Flame allow?
But 'tis forbid by Reaſon, and a Vow;
Two mighty Obſtacles; tho Love of Old
Has broke thro' greater, ſtronger Powers controul'd.
Shou'd I offend, by high Example taught,
Twou'd not be an inexpiable Fau't.
The Crimes of Malice have found Grace above,
And ſure kind Heav'n will ſpare the Crimes of Love.
Cou'dſt thou, my Angel, but inſtruct me how
I might be Happy, and not break my Vow,
Or by ſome Subtile Art diſſolve the Chain;
You'd ſoon revive my dying Hopes again.
Reaſon and Love, I know, cou'd ne'er Agree,
Both wou'd Command, and both Superior be.
Reaſon's ſupported by the Sinuie Force
Of Solid Argument, and Wiſe Diſcourſe;

But Love pretends to uſe no other Arms
Than Soft Impreſſions, and Perſwaſive Charms.
One muſt be Diſobey'd, and ſhall I prove
A Rebel to my Reaſon, or to Love?
But then ſuppoſe I ſhou'd my Flame purſue,
Delia may be Unkind, and Faithleſs too;
Reject my Paſſion with a Proud Diſdain,
And Scorn the Love of ſuch a Humble Swain:
Then I ſhou'd labour under Mighty Grief,
Beyond all Hopes, or Proſpect of Relief:
So that Methinks 'tis Safer to obey
Right Reaſon, tho' ſhe bears a Rugged Sway,
Than Love's ſoft Rule, whoſe Subjects undergo
Early or late too ſad a Share of Woe.
Can I ſo ſoon forget that Wretched Crew,
Reaſon juſt now expos'd before my View;
If *Delia* ſhou'd be Cruel, I muſt be
A ſad Partaker of their Miſery:
But your Encouragements ſo ſtrongly move,
I'm almoſt tempted to purſue my Love:
For ſure, no Treacherous Deſigns ſhou'd Dwell
In one that Argues, and Perſwades ſo well.

For what cou'd Love by my Deſtruction gain?
Love's an Immortal God, and I a Swain:
And ſure I may, without Suſpicion, truſt
A God, for Gods can never be Unjuſt.

Right you Conclude, reply'd the Smiling Boy;
Love ruines none, 'tis Men themſelves deſtroy;
And thoſe vile Wretches, which you lately ſaw
Tranſgreſs'd his Rules, as well as Reaſon's Law.
They're not Love's Subjects, but the Slaves of Luſt,
Nor is their Puniſhment ſo Great, as Juſt.
For Love and Luſt Eſſentially divide,
Like Day, and Night, Humility, and Pride:
One darkneſs Hides, t'other does always Shine,
This of Infernal Make, and that Divine
Reaſon no Generous Paſſion does Oppoſe;
'Tis Luſt, not Love, and Reaſon, that are Foes.
She bids you Scorn a Baſe Inglorious Flame,
Black as the Gloomy Shade, from whence it came.
In this her Precepts ſhould Obedience find,
But your's is not of that Ignoble Kind.

You

You Err in thinking ſhe wou'd Diſapprove
The brave Purſuit of Honourable Love,
And therefore Judge what's Harmleſs, an Offence,
Invert her Meaning, and Miſtake her Sence.
She cou'd not ſuch inſipid Counſel give,
As not to Love at all, 'tis not to Live;
But where bright Virtue, and true Beauty lies,
And that in *Delia*, Charming *Delia*'s Eyes.
Cou'd you, contented, ſee th' Angelic Maid
In Old *Alexis* dull Embraces laid?
Or Rough-hewn *Tyterus* poſſeſs thoſe Charms,
Which are in Heav'n, the Heav'n of *Delia*'s Arms?
Conſider, Youth, what Tranſports you forego,
The moſt Intire Felicity Below;
Which is by Fate alone reſerv'd for you;
Monarchs have been deny'd, for Monarchs ſue.
I own 'tis Difficult to gain the Prize,
Or 'twou'd be Cheap, and Low in Noble Eyes;
But there is one Soft Minute, when the Mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind,
Which the Wiſe Lover underſtanding right,
Steals in like Day upon the Wings of Light.

You urge your Vow, but can thoſe Vows prevail
Whoſe firſt Foundation, and whoſe Reaſon fail?
You vow'd to leave fair *Delia*, but you thought
Your Paſſion was a Crime, your Flame a Fau't;
But ſince your Judgment err'd, it has no Force
To Bind at all, but is Diſſolv'd of Courſe.
And therefore Heſitate no longer here,
But Baniſh all the dull Remains of Fear.
Dare you be Happy Youth, but Dare and Be;
I'll be your Convoy to the Charming She.
What ſtill Irreſolute? Debating ſtill?
View her, and then forſake her, if you will.

I'll go, ſaid I, once more I'll venture All,
'Tis Brave to periſh by a Noble Fall.
Beauty no Mortal can reſiſt, and *Jove*
Laid by his Grandure, to Indulge his Love.
Reaſon, if I do Err, my Crime forgive?
Angels alone without offending live,
I go aſtray, but as the Wiſe have done,
And Act a Folly, which they did not ſhun.

Then we, deſcending to a ſpacious Plain,
Were ſoon ſaluted by a Numerous Train
Of Happy Lovers, who conſum'd their Hours,
With conſtant Jollity, in Shady Bowrs.
There I beheld the Bleſt Variety
Of Joy, from all Corroding Troubles free;
Each follow'd his own Fancy to Delight;
Tho all went Different Ways, yet all went Right,
None err'd, or miſs'd the Happineſs he Sought
Love to one Center every Twining brought.
We paſt thro' numerous Pleaſant Fields, and Glades,
By murm'ring Fontinels, and peaceful Shades.
Till we approach'd the Confines of the Wood,
Where mighty Love's Immortal Temple ſtood.
Round the Celeſtial Fane in Goodly Rows,
And Beauteous Order Amorous Myrtle grows,
Beneath whoſe Shade expecting Lovers Wait
For the Kind Minute of Indulgent Fate:
Each had his Guardian *Cupid*, whoſe chief Care,
By ſecret Motions was to Warm the Fair,

To kindle eager Longings for the Joy,
To move the ſlow, and to Incline the Coy.

The Glorious Fabric charm'd my Wond'ring Sight,
Of vaſt Extent, and of Prodigious Hight;
The Caſe was Marble, but the Poliſh'd Stone
With ſuch an admirable Luſtre ſhone,
As if ſome Architect Divine had ſtrove
T' outdo the Pallace of Imperial *Jove*.
The pond'rous Gates of Maſſy Gold were made
With Diamonds of a mighty Size inlaid.
Here ſtood the Winged Guards in order plac'd,
With Shining Darts, and Golden Quivers grac'd:
As we approach'd, they clap'd their Joyful Wings;
And cry'd aloud tune, tune the Warbling Strings;
The Grateful Youth is come to Sacrifice
At *Delia*'s Altar, to bright *Delia*'s Eyes:
With Harmony Divine his Soul Inſpire,
That he may boldly Touch the Sacred Fire.
And ye, that wait upon the Bluſhing Fair,
Celeſtial Incenſe and Perfumes prepare;

While our great God her Panting Boſom Warms,
Refines her Beauties, and Improves her Charms.

Ent'ring the Spacious Dome, my raviſh'd Eyes
A Wondrous Scene of Glory did ſurprize.
The Riches, Symmetry, and Brightneſs, all
Did equally for Admiration call:
But the Deſcription is a Labour fit
For none beneath a Laureat Angels Wit.

Amidſt the Temple was an Altar, made
Of ſolid Gold, where Adoration's paid.
Here I perform'd the uſual Rites with Fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too Near;
Till from the God a Smiling *Cupid* came
And bid me touch the Conſecrated Flame;
Which done, my Guide my eager Steps convey'd
To the Apartment of the beauteous Maid.

Before the Entrance was her Altar rais'd,
On Pediſtals of poliſh'd Marble plac'd.

By it her Guardian *Cupid* always ſtands,
Who Troops of Miſſionary Loves commands.
To him with ſoft Addreſſes all repair;
Each for his Captive humbly begs the Fair;
Tho' ſtill in vain they Importun'd, for He
Wou'd give Incouragement to none, but Me.
There ſtands the Youth, he cry'd, muſt taſte the Bliſs,
The lovely *Delia* can be none, but His.
Fate has Selected Him, and Mighty Love
Confirms Below, what That decrees Above.
Then preſs no more, there's not another Swain
On Earth, but *Strephon* can bright *Delia* gain.
Kneel Youth, and with a grateful Mind renew
Your Vows, Swear you'll Eternally be true:
But if you dare be Falſe, dare Perjur'd prove
You'll find in ſure Revenge Affronted Love
As Hot, as Fierce, as terrible as *Jove*.
Hear Me, ye Gods, ſaid I, now hear me ſwear
By all that's Sacred, and by all that's Fair!
If I prove Falſe to *Delia*, let me fall
The Common Obloquy, condemn'd by all.

Let

Let me the utmoſt of your Vengeance try,
Forc'd to Live Wretched, and Unpitied Die.

Then he expos'd the Lovely Sleeping Maid
Upon a Couch of New-blown Roſes laid.
The bluſhing Colour in her Cheeks expreſt,
What tender Thoughts inſpir'd her heaving Breſt.
Somtimes a Sigh half Smother'd Stole away,
Then She wou'd *Strephon*, charming *Strephon* ſay.
Sometimes She Smiling cry'd, you Love 'tis true.
But will you always, and be Faithful too?
Ten Thouſand Graces play'd about her Face,
Ten Thouſand Charms attended ev'ry Grace.
Each admirable Feature did Impart
A Secret Rapture to my throbbing Heart.
The Nymph impriſon'd in the brazen Tow'r,
When *Jove* deſcended in a Golden Show'r,
Leſs Beautiful appear'd, and yet her Eyes
Brought down that God from the neglected Skies.
So moving, ſo tranſporting was the Sight,
So much a Goddeſs *Delia* ſeem'd, ſo Bright,

My raviſh'd Soul, with Secret Wonder Fraught,
Lay all Diſſolv'd in Extacy of Thought.

Long time I gaz'd, but as I trembling drew
Nearer to take a more obliging View:
It Thunder'd Loud, and the ungrateful Noiſe
Wak'd Me, and put an End to all my Joys.

THE

THE
Fortunate Complaint.

AS *Strephon* in a Wither'd Cyprus Shade,
For Anxious Thought, and Sighing Lovers made,
Reſolving lay upon his wretched State,
And the hard Uſage of too Partial Fate;
Thus the ſad Youth Complain'd, Once Happy Swain,
Now the moſt Abject Shepherd of the Plain:
Where's that Harmonious Conſort of Delights,
Thoſe Peaceful Days, and Pleaſurable Nights;
That Generous Mirth, and Noble Jollity,
Which Gayly made the Dancing Minutes fly?
Diſpers'd, and Baniſh'd from my troubl'd Breaſt:
Nor leave me one Short Interval of Reſt.

Why do I proſecute a hopeleſs Flame,
And play in Torment ſuch a Looſing Game?

All

All things conſpire to make my Ruine ſure;
When Wounds are Mortal, they admit no Cure.
But Heav'n ſometimes does a Mirac'lous thing,
When our Laſt Hope is juſt upon the Wing;
And in a Moment drives thoſe Clouds away,
Whoſe Sullen Darkneſs hid a Glorious Day.

Why was I Born, or why do I Survive,
To be made Wretched only, kept Alive?
Fate is too Cruel in the harſh Decree,
That I muſt Live, yet Live in Miſery.
Are all its White, its Happy Moments gone,
Muſt *Strephon* be unfortunate Alone?
On other Swains it Laviſhly beſtows;
On them each Nymph Neglected Favour throws.
They meet Compliance ſtill in ev'ry Face,
And lodge their Paſſions in a kind Embrace:
Obtaining from the ſoft Incurious Maid
True Love for Counterfeit, and Gold for Lead.
Succeſs on *Mævius* always does attend;
Inconſtant Fortune is his Conſtant Friend:

He levels Blindly, yet the mark does hit,
And owes the Victory to Chance, not Wit.
But let him conquer e'er one Blow be ſtruck;
I'd not be *Mævius* to have *Mævius* Luck.
Proud of my Fate, I wou'd not Change my Chains
For all the Trophies Purring *Mævius* gains,
But rather ſtill Live *Delia*'s Slave, than be
Like *Mævius* Silly, and like *Mævius* free.
But he is Happy; loves the Common Road,
And, Pack-horſe like, joggs on beneath his Load:
If *Phillis* Peeviſh, or Unkind does prove,
It ne'er diſturbs his Grave Mechanic Love.
A little Joy his Languid Flame contents,
And makes him Eaſy under all Events.
But when a Paſſion's Noble and Sublime,
And higher ſtill would ev'ry Moment climb;
If 'tis accepted with a Juſt Return,
The Fire's Immortal, will for ever Burn;
And with ſuch Raptures fills the Lovers Breaſt,
That Saints in Paradiſe ſcarce more are Bleſt.

But I lament my Miſeries in vain,
For *Delia* hears me Pityleſs, Complain.
Suppoſe ſhe Pitties, and believes me True;
What Satisfaction can from thence accrue,
Unleſs her Pity makes her Love me too?
Perhaps ſhe Loves, ('tis but Perhaps, I fear,
For that's a Bleſſing can't be bought too dear,)
If ſhe has Scruples, that oppoſe her Will,
I muſt, Alas, be Miſerable ſtill.
Tho' if ſhe Loves, thoſe Scruples ſoon will fly
Before the Reas'nings of the Deity.
For where Love enters, he will Rule alone,
And ſuffer no Copartner in his Throne:
And thoſe falſe Arguments, that wou'd repel
His high Injunctions, teach us to Rebel.

What Method can poor *Strephon* then Propound
To cure the Bleeding of his fatal Wound:
If ſhe, who guided the vexatious Dart,
Reſolves to Cheriſh and increaſe the Smart?

Go Youth, from theſe Unhappy Plains remove,
Leave the Purſuit of Unſucceſsful Love;
Go, and to foreign Swains thy Griefs relate;
Tell 'em the Cruelty of frowning Fate:
Tell 'em the Noble Charms of *Delia*'s Mind,
Tell 'em how Fair, but tell 'em how Unkind.
And when thou haſt few Years in Sorrow ſpent,
(For ſure they cannot be of large Extent,)
In Prayers for her thou loveſt, Reſign thy Breath,
And bleſs the Minute gives thee Eaſe, and Death.

Here paus'd the Swain.--- When *Delia* driving by
Her Bleating Flocks to ſome freſh Paſture nigh,
By Love directed, did her Steps convey
Where *Strephon*, wrap'd in Silent Sorrows, lay.
As ſoon as he perceiv'd the Beauteous Maid,
He roſe to meet Her, and thus, trembling, ſaid.

When humble Suppliants wou'd the Gods appeaſe,
And in Severe Afflictions beg for Eaſe;
With Conſtant Importunity they ſue,
And their Petitions ev'ry Day renew:

Grow

Grow ſtill more earneſt as they are deny'd,
Nor one well-weigh'd Expedient leave untry'd,
Till Heav'n, thoſe Bleſſings, they enjoy'd before,
Not only does Return; but gives 'em more.

Oh, do not blame me, *Delia!* If I preſs
So much, and with Impatience, for Redreſs.
My Pond'rous Griefs no Eaſe my Soul allow,
For they are next t' Intolerable now;
How ſhall I then ſupport 'em, when they grow
To an Exceſs, to a Diſtracting Woe?
Since you're indow'd with a Celeſtial Mind,
Relieve like Heav'n, and like the Gods be Kind.
Did you perceive the Torments, I endure,
Which you firſt caus'd, and you alone can Cure:
They wou'd your Virgin Soul to Pity move;
And Pity may at laſt be chang'd to Love.
Some Swains, I own, Impoſe upon the Fair,
And lead the Incautious Maid into a Snare.
But let them ſuffer for their Perjury,
And do not puniſh Others Crimes in Me.

If there's so many of our Sex untrue,
Yours shou'd more kindly use the faithful Few.
Tho Innocence too oft Incurs the Fate
Of Guilt, and Clears it self sometimes too Late.

Your Nature is to Tenderness Inclin'd;
And why to Me, to Me alone Unkind?
A Common Love, by other Persons shewn,
Meets with a full Return, but Mine has None:
Nay scarce Beliv'd: tho' from Deceit as Free,
As Angels Flames, can for Archangels be.
A Passion Feign'd at no Repulse is Griev'd;
And values Little if it ben't receiv'd;
But Love Sincere resents the smallest Scorn,
And the Unkindness does in Secret Mourn.

Sometimes I please my self, and think you are
Too Good, to make me Wretched by Despair.
That Tenderness, which in your Soul is plac'd,
Will move you to Compassion sure at last.
But when I come to take a Serious View
Of my own Merits, I Despond of you,

For

For what can *Delia*, Beauteous *Delia* ſee
To raiſe in her the leaſt Eſteem of Me ?
I've nought that can encourage my Addreſs,
My Fortune's Little ; and my Worth is leſs.
But if a Love of the Sublimeſt Kind
Can make Impreſſions on a Generous Mind :
If all has Real Value, that's Divine,
There cannot be a Nobler Flame than Mine.

Perhaps you Pity me : I know you muſt,
And my Affection can no more Diſtruſt :
But what, Alas, will Helpleſs Pity do ?
You Pity, but you may deſpiſe me too.
Still I am Wretched, if no more you give,
The Starving Orphan can't on Pity Live,
He muſt receive the Food for which he crys,
Or he conſumes ; and tho' much Pitied, Dies.

My Torments ſtill do with my Paſſion grow,
The more I Love, the more I undergo.
But ſuffer me no longer to remain
Beneath the Preſſures of ſo vaſt a Pain.

My

My Wound requires ſome ſpeedy Remedy:
Delays are Fatal, when Deſpair's ſo nigh.
Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell;
Too much, indeed, for one that loves ſo well.
When will the end of all my Sorrows be?
Can you not love, I'm ſure, you pity me?
But if I muſt new Miſeries ſuſtain,
And be condemn'd to more, and ſtronger Pain;
I'le not accuſe you, ſince my Fate is ſuch,
I pleaſe too little, and I love too much.

Strephon no more, the bluſhing *Delia* ſaid,
Excuſe the Conduct of a timerous Maid:
Now I'm convinc'd your Love's ſublime and true,
Such as I always wiſh'd to find in you.
Each kind Expreſſion, ev'ry tender Thought
A mighty Tranſport in my Boſom wrought:
And tho' in ſecret I your Flame approv'd,
I ſigh'd and griev'd, but durſt not own I lov'd;
Tho' now --- O *Strephon!* be ſo kind to gueſs,
What ſhame will not allow me to confeſs.

The Youth encompass'd with a Joy so bright,
Had hardly Strength to bear the vast Delight;
By too sublime an Extasie possest,
He trembl'd, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his Breast:
Ador'd the Nymph that did his pain remove,
Vow'd endless Truth, and everlasting Love.

Strephon's

Strephon's Love for *Delia* JUSTIFY'D;

In an Epiſtle to *CELADON.*

ALL Men have Follies, which they blindly trace
Thro' the dark Turnings of a duious Maze:
But happy thoſe, who by a prudent Care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious Snare.

The eldeſt Sons of Wiſdom were not free
From the ſame Failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd, and by that glorious Paſſion led,
Forgot what *Plato*, and themſelves had ſaid.
Love triumph'd o'er thoſe dull Pedantick Rules,
They had collected from the wrangling Schools;
And made 'em to his nobler Sway ſubmit,
In ſpight of all their Learning, Art and Wit:

Their grave ſtarch'd Morals then unuſeful prov'd,
Thoſe duſty Characters he ſoon remov'd;
For when his ſhining Squadrons came in view,
Their boaſted Reaſon murmur'd, and withdrew:
Unable to oppoſe their mighty Force
With phlegmatic Reſolves, and dry Diſcourſe.

If, as the wiſeſt of the wiſe have err'd,
I go aſtray, and am condemn'd unheard,
My faults you too ſeverely reprehend,
More like a rigid Cenſor, than a Friend.
Love is the Monarch Paſſion of the Mind,
Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd;
But triumphs ſtill, impatient of Coutroul,
O'er all the proud Endowments of the Soul.

You own'd my *Delia*, Friend, Divinely Fair,
When in the Bud her native Beauties were:
Your Praiſe did then her early Charms confeſs,
Yet you'd perſwade me to adore her leſs.
You but the Non-age of her Beauty ſaw,
But might from thence ſublime Ideas draw;

And what ſhe is, by what ſhe was, conclude,
For now ſhe governs thoſe, ſhe then ſubdu'd.

Her Aſpect noble, and mature is grown,
And ev'ry Charm in its full Vigour known.
There we may, wondring, view diſtinctly writ,
The Lines of Goodneſs, and the Marks of Wit:
Each Feature emulous, of pleaſing moſt,
Does juſtly, ſome peculiar Sweetneſs boaſt:
And her Compoſure's of ſo fine a Frame,
Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

When the immortal Beauties of the Skies
Contended naked for the golden Prize,
The Apple had not faln to *Venus* ſhare,
Had I been *Paris*, and my *Delia* there:
In whom alone we all their Graces find,
The moving Gaiety of *Venus* join'd
With *Juno*'s Aſpect, and *Minerva*'s Mind.

View but thoſe Nymphs, which other Swains adore
You'll value charming *Delia* ſtill the more.

Dorinda' Mien's Majeſtick, but her Mind
Is to Revenge and Peeviſhneſs inclin'd:
Myrtilla's Fair, and yet *Myrtilla*'s Proud:
Cloe has Wit, but noiſy, vain, and loud:
Melania doats upon the ſillieſt things,
And yet *Melania* like an Angel ſings.
But in my *Delia* all Endowments meet,
All that is juſt, agreeable, or ſweet;
All that can praiſe, and admiration move;
All that the Wiſeſt, and the Braveſt love.

In all Diſcourſe ſhe's appoſite and gay,
And ne'er wants ſomething pertinent to ſay:
For if the Subject's of a ſerious kind,
He Thoughts are manly, and her Sence refin'd;
But if divertive, her Expreſſions fit,
Good Language, joyn'd with inoffenſive Wit.
So cautious always, that ſhe ne'er affords
An idle Thought, the Charity of Words.

The Vices common to her Sex, can find
No room, e'en in the Suburbs of her Mind.

Concluding wiſely, ſhe's in danger ſtill,
From the meer Neighbourhood of induſtrious Ill:
Therefore at diſtance keeps the ſubtle Foe,
Whoſe near approach would Formidable grow.
While the unwary Virgin is undone,
And meets the miſery which ſhe ought to ſhun.

Her Wit is penetrating, clear, and gay,
But let's true Judgment, and Right-reaſon ſway:
Modeſtly Bold, and quick to Apprehend,
Prompt in Replies, but cautious to Offend.
Her Darts are keeen, but leveli'd with ſuch care,
They ne'er fall ſhort, and ſeldom fly too far:
For when ſhe Rallies, 'tis with ſo much art,
We bluſh with Pleaſure, and with Raptures ſmart.

Oh *Celadon*! You wou'd my Flame approve,
Did you but hear her talk, and talk of Love;
That tender Paſſion to her fancy brings
The prettieſt Notions, and the ſofteſt Things:
Which are by her ſo movingly expreſt,
They fill with Extaſie my throbbing Breaſt.

'Tis then the Charms of Eloquence impart
Their Native Glories, unimprov'd by Art:
By that ſhe ſays, I meaſure things above,
And gueſs the Language of *Seraphic* Love.

To the cool Boſom of a peaceful ſhade,
By ſome wide Beech, or lofty Poplar made,
When Ev'ning comes, we ſecretly repair,
To breath in private, and unbend our Care:
And, while our Flocks in fruitful Paſtures feed,
Some well-deſign'd Inſtructive Poem read.
Where uſeful Morals, with ſoft Numbers joyn'd,
At once delight, and cultivate the Mind:
Which are by her to more Perfection brought,
By wiſe Remarks upon the Poet's Thought.
So well ſhe knows the Stamp of Eloquence,
The empty Sound of Words from ſolid Senſe;
The florid Fuſtian of a Rhyming Spark,
Whoſe random Arrow ne'r comes near the Mark,
Can't on her Judgment be impos'd, and paſs
For Standard Gold, when 'tis but guilded Braſs,
Oft in the Walks of an adjacent Grove,

Where

Where firſt we mutually engag'd to love;
She'd ſmiling ask me, whether I'd prefer,
An humble Cottage on the Plains with her,
Before the pompous Buildings of the Great,
And find content in that inferiour State?
Said I, the Queſtion you propoſe to me,
Perhaps a matter of Debate might be,
Were the degrees of my Affection leſs,
Than burning Martyrs to the Gods expreſs.
In you I've all I can deſire below,
That Earth can give me, or the Gods beſtow;
And bleſt with you, I know not where to find.
A Second CHOICE; you take up all my Mind.
I'd not forſake that dear delightful Plains,
Where charming *Delia*, love and *Delia* Reigns;
For all the Splendor that a Court can give,
Where gaudy Fools, and buſie Stateſmen live.
Tho' youthful *Paris*, when his Birth was known,
Too fotally Related to a Throne,
Forſook *Oenone*, and his Rural Sports,
For dangerous Greatneſs, and Tumultuous Courts,

Yet Fate ſhou'd offer its Pow'r in vain,
For what is Pow'r to ſuch an humble Swain?
I wou'd not leave my *Delia*, leave my fair,
Tho' half the Globe ſhould be aſſign'd my ſhare.

And wou'd you have me, Friend, reflect again,
Become the baſeſt and the worſt of Men?
Oh do not urge me, *Celadon*, forbear!
I cannot leave her, ſhe's too charming Fair!
Shou'd I your Counſel in this caſe purſue,
You might ſuſpect me for a Villain too;
For ſure that perjur'd Wretch can never prove
Juſt to his Friend, that's faithleſs to his Love.

An Epiſtle to *DELIA.*

AS thoſe, who hope hereafter Heav'n to ſhare,
A rig'rous Exile here calmly bear;
And with collected Spirits undergo
The ſad variety of Pain below:
Yet with intenſe Reflections antedate,
The mighty Raptures of a future State:
While the bright Proſpect of approaching Joy,
Creates a Bliſs no Trouble can deſtroy.

So tho' I'm toſs'd by giddy Fortune's Hand,
Ev'n to the Confines of my Native Land;
Where I can hear the ſtormy Ocean roar,
And break its Waves upon the foaming Shore:
Tho' from my *Delia* baniſh'd, all that's dear,
That's good, or beautiful, or charming here,
Yet flatt'ring Hopes encourages me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder minutes give.

That

That the dark Treaſury of Time contains
A glorious Day, will finiſh all my Pains;
And while I contemplate on Joys to come,
My Griefs are ſilent, and my Sorrows dumb.

Believe me, *Nymph*, believe me charming Fair,
(When Truth's conſpicuous, we need not Swear;
Oaths wou'd ſuppoſe a diffidence in you,
That I am falſe, my Flame fictitious too,)
Were I condemn'd by Fate's Imperial Pow'r,
Ne'er to return to your Embraces more,
Id ſcorn whate'er the buſy World cou'd give,
'Twou'd be the worſt of Miſeries to live:
For all my Wiſhes, and Deſires purſue,
All I admire, or covet here, is you.
Were I poſſeſſes'd of your ſurpriſing Charms,
Aud lodg'd again within my *Delia*'s Arms,
Then wou'd my Joys aſcend to that degree,
Cou'd Angels Envy, they wou'd envy me.

Oft

Oft as I wander in a ſilent Shade,
When bold Vexation wou'd my Soul Invade,
I baniſh the rough Thought, and none purſue,
But what inclines my willing Mind to you.
The ſoft Reflections on your ſacred Love,
Like Sov'reign Antidotes, all Cares remove;
Compoſing ev'ry Faculty to reſt,
They leave a grateful Flavour in my Breaſt.

Retir'd ſometimes into a lovely Grove,
I think o'er all the Stories of our Love.
What mighty Pleaſure have I oft poſſeſs'd,
When in a Maſculine Embrace I preſt,
The lovely *Delia* to my heaving Breaſt?
Then I remember, and with vaſt delight,
The kind Expreſſions of the parting Night:
Methought, the Sun too quick return'd agen,
And Day was ne'er impertinent till then.
Strong and Contracted was our eager Bliſs,
And Ages Pleaſure in each generous Kiſs:

Years

Years of delight, in moments we compriz'd,
And Heaven it ſelf was there Epitomiz'd.

But when the Glories of the Eaſtern Light,
O'reflow'd the twinkling Tapers of the Night,
Farewel my *Delia*, O farewel, ſaid I,
The utmoſt Period of my time is nigh:
Too cruel Fate forbids my longer ſtay,
And wretched *Strephon* is compell'd away.
But tho' I muſt my Native Plains forego,
Forſake theſe Fields, forſake my *Delia* too,
No change of Fortune ſhall for ever move,
The ſettl'd Baſe of my immortal Love.

And muſt my *Strephon*, muſt my faithful Swain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter Plain!
The Darling of my Soul ſo ſoon remov'd;
The only valu'd, and the beſt belov'd.
Tho' other Swains to me themſelves addreſs'd,
Strephon was ſtill diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
Flat and inſipid all their Courtſhip ſeem'd,
Little themſelves, their Paſſions leſs ſeem'd,

For

For my averſion with their Flames increas'd,
And none but *Strephon* partial *Delia* pleas'd.
'Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind Shepherd's ſight,
Joy of the Day, and Bleſſing of the Night;
Yet will you *Strephon*, will you love me ſtill?
However flatter me, and ſay you will.
For ſhou'd you entertain a Rival Love,
Shou'd you unkind to me, or faithleſs prove,
No mortal e'er cou'd half ſo wretched be,
For ſure no mortal ever lov'd like me.

Your Beauty, Nymph, ſaid I, my Faith ſecures;
Thoſe you once conquer, muſt be always yours:
For Hearts ſubdu'd by your victorious Eyes,
No Force can ſtorm, no Stratagem ſurprize.
Nor can I of Captivity complain,
While lovely *Delia* holds the glorious Chain.
The *Cyprian* Queen in young *Adonis* Arms,
Might fear, at laſt he wou'd deſpiſe his Charms.
But I can never ſuch a Monſter prove,
To ſlight the Bleſſings of my *Delia*'s Love.

Wou'd

Wou'd thoſe, who at Celeſtial Tables ſit,
Bleſt with immortal Wine, immortal Wit;
Chuſe to deſcend to ſome inferior Board,
Which nought but Stum, and Nonſenſe, can afford?
Nor can I e'er to thoſe gay Nymphs addreſs,
Whoſe Pride is greater, and whoſe Charms are leſs.
Their Tinſel Beauty may perhaps ſubdue
A gaudy Coxtomb, or a fulſom Beau;
But ſeem at beſt indifferent to me,
Who none but you with admiration ſee,

Now wou'd the rowling Orbs obey my Will,
I'd make the Sun a ſecond time ſtand ſtill;
And to the lower World their Light repay,
When Conquering *Joſhua* robb'd 'em of a Day.
Tho our two Souls wou'd different Paſſions prove,
His was a Thirſt of Glory, mine is Love.
It will not be; the Sun makes haſt to riſe,
And takes Poſſeſſion of the Eaſtern Skies:
Yet one Kiſs more, tho' Millions are too few,
And *Delia*, ſince we muſt, muſt part, Adieu.

As

As *Adam* by an injur'd Maker driv'n
From *Eden*'s Groves, the Viſinage of Heaven;
Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
The harſh Impreſſions of a ruder Air,
With mighty Sorrow, and with weeping Eyes,
Look'd back, and mourn'd the loſs of Paradiſe,
With a concern like his, did I review
My native Plains, my charming *Delia* too;
For I left Paradiſe in leaving you.

If, as I walk, a pleaſant Shade I find,
It brings your fair Idea to my Mind.
Such was the happy place, I ſighing ſay,
Where I, and *Delia*, lovely *Delia*, lay;
When firſt I did my tender Thoughts impart,
And made a grateful Preſent of my Heart.
Or if my Friend in his Apartment, ſhows
Some Piece of *Vandicke*'s, or of *Angelo*'s;
In which the Artiſt has with wond'rous Care,
Deſcrib'd the Face of one exceeding Fair;

Tho', at firſt ſight, it may my Paſſion raiſe,
And ev'ry Feature I admire, and praiſe;
Yet ſtill, methinks, upon a ſecond view,
'Tis not ſo Beautiful, ſo Fair as you.
If I converſe with thoſe, whom moſt admit,
To have a ready, gay, vivacious Wit,
They want ſome amiable, moving Grace,
Some Turn of Fancy that my *Delia* has.
For ten good Thoughts, amongſt the Crowd they vent,
Methinks ten Thouſand are impertinent.

Let other Shepherds, that are prone to Range,
With each Caprice, their giddy Humours change.
They from variety leſs Joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy thoſe ill-judging Swains,
What they enjoy's the refuſe of the Plains;
If for my ſhare of Happineſs below,
Kind Heav'n upon me *Delia* wou'd beſtow:
Whatever Bleſſings it can give beſide,
Let all Mankind among themſelves divide.

ON THE

General Conflagration,

AND

Enſuing Judgment.

A *PINDARIC ESSAY.*

Eſſe quoq; in Fatis, reminiſcitur, affore tempus
Quo Mare, quo Tellus, correptaq; Regia Cœli
Ardeat, & Mundi Moles operoſa laboret.

Ovid. Met.

I.

NOW the black Days of Univerſal Doom,
Which wond'rous Propheſies foretold,
[are come;
What ſtrong Convulſions, what ſtupendious Woe,
Muſt ſinking Nature undergo,
Amidſt the dreadful Wreck, and final Overthrow

Methinks I hear her, conſcious of her Fate,
With fearful Groans, and hideous Cries,
Fill the preſaging Skies;
Unable to ſupport the weight,
Or of the preſent, or approaching Miſeries.
Methinks I hear her Summon all,
Her guilty Off-ſpring, raving with Deſpair,
And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
Ye Sublunary Pow'rs t' attend my Funeral!

II.

See, ſee the Tragical Portents,
Thoſe diſmal Harbingers of dire Events!
Loud Thunders roar, and darted Light'nings fly
Through the dark Concave of the troubl'd Sky:
The fi'ry Ravage is begun, the End is nigh,
See how the glaring Meteors blaze!
Like baleful Torches, O they come,
To light diſſolving Nature to her Tomb!
And ſcatt'ring round their peſtilential Rays,
Strike the affrighted Nations with a wild Amaze.

Vaſt

Vaſt Sheets of Flame, and Globes of Fire,
By an impetuous Wind are driv'n,
Thro' all the Regions of th' inferior Heav'n,
Till hid in ſulph'rous Smoke, they ſeemingly expire.

III.

Sad and amazing 'tis to ſee,
What mad confuſion rages over all
This ſcorching Ball!
No Country is exempt, no Nation free,
But each partakes the epidemic Miſery.
What diſmal havock of Mankind is made
By Wars. and Peſtilence, and Dearth,
Thro' the whole mournful Earth?
Which with a murdering Fury they invade,
Forſook by Providence, and all propitious Aid.
Whilſt Fiends let looſe, their utmoſt Rage employ
To Ruin all things here below;
Their Malice and Revenge no limits know,
But, in the univerſal Tumult, all deſtroy.

IV.

Diſtracted Mortals from their Cities fly
For ſafety to their Champion Ground,
But there no ſafety can be found;
The Vengeance of an angry Deity,
With unrelenting Fury does incloſe them round.
And whilſt for Mercy ſome aloud implore
The God, they ridicul'd before;
And others raving with their woe,
(For Hunger, Thirſt, Deſpair they undergo,)
Blaſpheme and Curſe the Pow'r they ſhou'd adore.
The Earth, parch'd up with Drought, her Jaws
[extends,
And op'ning wide a dreadful Tomb,
The howling Multitude, at once, deſcends,
Together all into her burning Womb.

V.

The trembling Alps abſcond their Aged Heads
In mighty Pillars of Infernal Smoke,
Which from their bellowing Caverns broke,
And ſuffocates whole Nations where it ſpreads.

Some-

Sometimes the Fire within divides
The maſſey Rivets of thoſe ſecret Chains,
Which hold together their prodigious Sides,
And hurls the ſhatter'd Rocks o're all the Plains
While Towns and Cities, ev'ry-thing below,
Is overwhelm'd with the ſame burſt of Woe.

VI.

No Showr's deſcend from the malignant Sky,
To cool the Burnings of the thirſty Field;
The Trees no Leaves, no Graſs the Meadows yield,
But all is barren, all is dry.
The little Rivulets no more
To larger Streams their Tribute pay,
Nor to the ebbing Ocean, they
Which with a ſtrange unuſual roar,
Forſakes thoſe antient Bounds it wou'd have paſs'd before,
And to the monſtrous Deep in vain retires;
For ev'n the Deep it ſelf is not ſecure,
But belching ſubterraneal Fires,
Increaſes ſtill the ſcalding Calenture,
Which neither Earth, nor Air, nor Water can endure.

VII.

The Sun, by Sympathy concern'd,
At thoſe Convulſions, Pangs, and Agonies,
Which on the whole Creation ſeize,
Is to ſubſtantial Darkneſs turn'd.
The neighbouring Moon, as if a purple Flood,
O'reflow'd her tottering Orb, appears
Like a huge maſs of black corrupting Blood;
For ſhe her ſelf a Diſſolution fears.
The larger Planets, which once ſhone ſo bright,
With the reflected Rays of borrow'd light,
Shook from their Center, without motion lie,
Unweildy Globes of ſolid Night,
And ruinous Lumber of the Sky.

VIII.

Amidſt this dreadful Hurrican of Woes,
(For Fire, Confuſion, Horror and Deſpair,
Fill ev'ry Region of the tortur'd Earth and Air;)
The great Archangel his loud Trumpet blows,

At whoſe amazing Sound, freſh Agonies
Upon expiring Nature ſeize;
For now ſhe'll in few minutes know
Th' ultimate Event and Fate of all below.
Awake, ye Dead, awake he cries,
For all muſt come,
All that had human Breath, ariſe,
To hear your laſt unalterable Doom.

IX.

At this the gaſtly Tyrant, who had ſway'd
So many thouſand Ages uncontroul'd,
No longer could his Scepter hold,
But gave up all, and was himſelf a a Captive made
The ſcatter'd Particles of human Clay,
Which in the ſilent Grave's dark Chambers lay,
Reſume their priſtine Forms agen,
And now from mortal, grow immortal Men.
Stupendious Energy of Sacr'd Pow'r,
Which can collect, where-ever caſt;

The

The ſmalleſt Atoms, and that ſhape reſtore,
Which they had worn ſo many years before,
Tho' thro' ſtrange Accidents and numerous Changes
[paſt.

X.

See how the joyful Angels fly
From ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
To gather and to convoy all
The pious Sons of human Race,
To one capacious place,
Above the Confines of this flaming Ball.
See with what tenderneſs and love they bear
Thoſe Righteous Souls thro' the tumultuous Air;
Whilſt the ungodly ſtand below,
Raging with ſhame, confuſion, and deſpair,
Amidſt the burning overthrow,
Expecting fiercer Torments, and acuter Woe.
Round them Infernal Spirits howling fly;
O Horror, Curſes, Tortures, Chains, they cry,
And roar aloud with execrable Blaſphemy.

XI. Hark

XI.

Hark how the daring Sons of Infamy,
Who once diſſolv'd in Pleaſures lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous Day,
To Rocks and Mountains now to hide 'em cry;
But Rocks and Mountains all in Aſhes lie.
Their Shame's ſo mighty, and ſo ſtrong their Fear,
That rather than appear
Before an incens'd God, they would be hurl'd
Amongſt the burning Ruins of the World,
And lie conceal'd, if poſſible, for ever there.
Time was, they wou'd not own a Deity,
Nor after Death a future State;
But now by ſad Experience find too late,
There is, and terrible to that degree,
That, rather than behold his Face, they'd ceaſe to be.
And ſure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give conſent,
To have no Being; but they muſt remain
For ever, and for ever be in pain.
O inexpreſſible ſtupendious Puniſhment,
Which cannot be endur'd, yet muſt be underwent!

XII. But

XII.

But now the Eaſtern Skies expanding wide,
The glorious Judge Omnipotent deſcends,
And to the Sublunary World his Paſſage bends;
Where, cloath'd with human Nature, he did once reſide.
Round him the bright Ethereal Armies fly,
And loud triumphant *Hallelujahs* ſing,
With Songs of Praiſe, and Hymns of Victory
To their Celeſtial King,
All Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majeſty,
Now and for everlaſting Ages be,
To the Eſſential one, and Coeternal Three.
Periſh that World, as 'tis decreed,
Which ſaw the God Incarnate bleed!
Periſh by thy Almighty Vengeance thoſe
Who durſt thy Perſon, or thy Laws expoſe.
The curſed Refuſe of Mankind, and Hell's proud Seed
Now to the unbelieving Nations ſhow,
Thou art a God from all Eternity;
Not Titular, or but by Office ſo;
And let 'em the myſterious Union ſee,
Of human Nature with the Deity.

XIII. With

XIII.

With mighty Transports, yet with awful Fear,
The Good behold this glorious Sight,
Their God in all his Majesty appear,
Ineffable, amazing Bright,
And seated on a Throne of everlasting Light.
Round the Tribunal, next to the most High,
In sacred Discipline and Order stand,
The Peers and Princes of the Sky,
As they excel in Glory or Command.
Upon the Right Hand that Illustrious Croud,
In the white Bosom of a shining Cloud,
Whose Souls abhorring all ignoble Crimes,
Did with a steady Course pursue
Holy Precepts, in the worst of Times;
Maugre what Earth, or Hell, what Men or Devils
[cou'd do.
And now that God they did to Death adore,
For whom such Torments and such Pains they bore,
Returns to place them on those Thrones above,
Where undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine substantial Happiness,
Unbounded as his Pow'r, and lasting as his Love.

XIV. Go

XIV.

Go bring, the Judge impartial frowning crys,
Thoſe Rebel Sons, who did my Laws deſpiſe;
Whom neither Threat, nor Promiſes cou'd move,
Not all my Sufferings, nor all my Love,
To ſave themſelves from everlaſting Miſeries.
At this ten Millions of Archangels flew
Swifter than Lightning, or the ſwifteſt Thought,
And leſs than in an inſtant brought,
The wretched, curs'd Infernal Crew,
Who with diſtorted Aſpects come,
To hear their ſad intolerable Doom.
Alas! they cry, one Beam of Mercy ſhow,
Thou all-forgiving Deity!
To pardon Crimes is natural to thee;
Cruſh us to nothing, or ſuſpend our woe:
But if it cannot, cannot be,
And we muſt go into a Gulph of Fire,
(For who can with Omnipotence contend?)
Grant, for thou art a God, it may at laſt expire,
And all our Tortures have an end.

Eternal

Eternal Burnings, O we cannot bear!
Tho' now our Bodies too Immortal are,
Let 'em be pungent to the laſt degree;
And let our Pains innumerable be,
But let 'em not extend to all Eternity.

XV.

Who now there does no place remain
For Penitence and Tears, but all
Muſt by their Actions ſtand or fall:
To hope for pity is in vain,
The Dye is caſt, and not to be recall'd again.
Two mighty Books are by two Angels brought,
In this, impartially Recorded, ſtands
The Laws of Nature, and Divine Commands,
In that each Action, Word and Thought,
Whate're was ſaid in ſecret, or in ſecret wrought.
Then firſt the Virtuous, and the Good,
Who all the Fury of Temptation ſtood,
And bravely paſs'd thro' Ignominy, Chains & Blood;
Attended by their Guardian Angels, come
To the tremendous Bar of Final Doom.

In

In vain the grand Accuſer, railing brings,
A long Indictment of enermous Things;
Whoſe guilt wip'd off by penitential Tears,
And their Redeemer's Blood and Agonies,
No more to their aſtoniſhment appears,
But in the ſecret Womb of dark Oblivion lies.

XVI.

Come now, my Friends, he cries, ye Sons of Grace,
Partakers once of all my wrongs and ſhame,
Deſpis'd and hated for my Name.
Come to your Saviour's, and your God's Embrace!
Aſcend, and thoſe bright Diadems poſſeſs,
For you by my Eternal Father made,
E're the Foundation of the World was laid;
And that ſurpriſing Happineſs,
Immenſe as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be leſs.
For when I languiſhing in Priſon lay,
Naked and ſtarv'd almoſt for want of Bread,
You did your kindly Viſits pay,
Both cloath'd my Body, and my Hunger fed.

Wearied

Wearied with Sickneſs, or oppreſs'd with Grief,
Your hand was always ready to ſupply
Whate're I wanted, you were always by,
To ſhare my Sorrows, or to give Relief.
In all Diſtreſs, ſo tender was your Love,
I cou'd no anxious Trouble bear,
No black Misfortune, or vexatious Care;
But you were ſtill impatient to remove,
And mourn'd your charitable Hand ſhould unſuc-
[ceſsful prove:
All this you did, tho' not to me
In Perſon, yet to mine in Miſery;
And ſhall for ever live
In all the Glories that a God can give,
Or a created Being is able to receive.

XVII.

At this the Architects Divine on high
Innumerable Thrones of Glory raiſe,
On which they, in appointed Order, place
The human Coheirs of Eternity;
And with united Hymns the God Incarnate praiſe!

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Eternal God, Almighty One,
Be thou for ever, and be thou alone,
By all thy Creatures conſtantly ador'd!
Ineffable coequal Three,
Who from Nonentity gave Birth
To Angels, and to Men, to Heav'n and Earth;
Yet always was thy ſelf, and will for ever be.
But for thy Mercy, we had ne'er poſſeſt
Theſe Thrones, and this immenſe Felicity,
Cou'd ne'er have been ſo infinitely Bleſt:
Therefore all Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majeſty,
To thee, O Lamb of God, to thee,
For ever longer, longer than for ever be.

XVIII.

Then the Incarnate Godhead turns his Face
To thoſe upon the Left, and cries,
(Almighty Vengeance flaſhing in his Eyes)
Ye impious, unbelieving Race,
To thoſe eternal Torments go,
Prepar'd for thoſe Rebellious Sons of Light,
In burning Darkneſs, and in flaming Night;

Which

Which ſhall no limit or ceſſation know,
But always are extreme, and always will be ſo.
The final Sentence paſs'd, a dreadful Cloud,
Incloſing all the miſerable Crowd,
A mighty hurricane of Thunder roſe,
And hurl'd 'em all into a Lake of Fire,
Which never, never, never can expire;
The vaſt Abyſs of endleſs Woes.
Whilſt with their God, the Righteous mount on high,
In glorious Triumph paſſing thro' the Sky,
To Joys immenſe, and everlaſting Exſtaſie.

A

Paſtoral ESSAY

ON THE

DEATH

Of our late Gracious

Queen *MARY.*

AS gentle *Strephon* to his Fold covey'd
A wandring Lamb, which from the Flocks had ſtray'd,
Beneath a mournful *Cyprus* Shade, he found
Coſmelia weeping on the dewy Ground.
Amaz'd, with eager Haſte, he ran to know
The fatal Cauſe of her intemp'rate Woe;
And claſping her to his impatient Breaſt,
In theſe ſoft words his tender Care expreſs'd.

Strephon.

Strephon.

Why mourns my dear *Coſmelia*, why appears
My Life, my Soul, diſſolv'd in briny Tears?
Has ſome fierce Tyger thy lov'd Heifer ſlain,
While I was on the Neighbouring Plain,
Or has ſome greedy Wolf devour'd thy Sheep;
What ſad Misfortune makes *Coſmelia* weep?
Speak, that I may prevent thy Griefs increaſe;
Partake thy Sorrows, or reſtore thy Peace.

Coſmelia.

Do you not hear from far that mournful Bell?
'Tis for ---- I cannot the ſad Tydings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting Spirits fled!
'Tis for *Cæleſtia*, *Strephon*, Oh, ſhe's dead!
The brighteſt Nymph, the Princeſs of the Plain,
By an untimely Dart, untimely ſlain.

Strephon.

Dead! 'tis impoſſible, ſhe cannot die,
She's too Divine, too much a Deity:
'Tis a falſe Rumour ſome ill Swains have ſpread,
Who wiſh perhaps the good *Cæleſtia* dead.

Coſmelia.

Ah! No, the Truth in ev'ry Face appears,
For ev'ry Face you meet's o'erflow'd with Tears.
Trembling, and Pale, I ran thro' all the Plain,
From Flock to Flock, and ask'd of ev'ry Swain;
But each, ſcarce lifting his dejected Head,
Cry'd, Oh, *Coſmelia!* Oh, *Cœleſtia*'s dead!

Strephon.

Something was meant by that ill boading Croak
Of the Prophetick Raven from the Oak,
Which ſtrait by Lightning was in Shivers broke.
But we our miſchief feel, before we ſee,
Seiz'd and o'rewhelm'd at once with Miſery.

Coſmelia.

Since then we have no Trophies to beſtow,
No pompous Things to make glorious Show,
(For all the Tribute a poor Swain can bring,
In Rural Numbers, is to Mourn and Sing;)
Let us beneath the gloomy Shade rehearſe
Cœleſtia's ſacred Praiſe in no leſs ſacred Verſe.

Strephon.

Strephon.

Cæleſtia dead! then 'tis in vain to live;
What's all the Comforts that theſe Plains can give?
Since ſhe, by whoſe bright Influence alone
Our Flocks increas'd, and we rejoyc'd, is gone.
Since ſhe, who round ſuch Beams of Goodneſs ſpread
As gave new Life to ev'ry Swain, is dead.

Coſmelia.

In vain we wiſh for the delightful Spring,
What Joys can flow'ry *May*, or *April* bring,
When ſhe, for whom the ſpacious Plains were ſpread
With early Flowers, and chearful Greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly *Damon* warm the Earth,
To give to Summer Fruits a Winter Birth.
In vain we Autumn wait, which crowns the Fields
With wealthy Crops, and various Plenty yields:
Since that fair Nymph, for whom the boundleſs Store
Of Nature was preſerv'd, is now no more.

Strephon.

Farewel for ever then to all that's gay,
You will forget to ſing, and I to play.

No more with chearful Songs in cooling Bow'rs,
Shall we conſume the pleaſurable Hours.
All Joys are baniſh'd, all Delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair *Cæleſtia*'s dead.

Coſmelia.

If e'er I ſing, they ſhall be mournful Lays
Of great *Cæleſtia*'s Name, *Cæleſtia*'s Praiſe;
How good ſhe was, how generous, how wiſe!
How beautiful her Shape, how bright her Eyes!
How charming all, how much ſhe was ador'd
Alive, when dead, how much her loſs deplor'd!
A noble Theam, and able to inſpire
The humbleſt Muſe with the ſublimeſt Fire.
And ſince we do of ſuch a Princeſs ſing,
Let ours aſcend upon a ſtronger Wing;
And while we do the lofty Numbers joyn,
Her Name will make their harmony Divine.
Raiſe then thy tuneful Voice, and be thy Song
Sweet, as her Temper, as her Virtue ſtrong.

Strephon.

When her great Lord to Foreign Wars was gone,
And left *Cæleſtia* here to Rule alone,

With

With how ſerene a Brow, how void of Fear
When Storms aroſe, did ſhe the Veſſel ſteer?
And, when the raging of the Waves did ceaſe,
How gentle was her Sway in times of Peace?
Juſtice and Mercy did their Beams unite,
And round her Temples ſpread a glorious Light.
So quick ſhe eas'd the Wrongs of every Swain,
She hardly gave them leiſure to complain.
Impatient to Reward, but ſlow to draw
Th' avenging Sword of neceſſary Law.
Like Heav'n, ſhe took no pleaſure to deſtroy;
With grief ſhe puniſh'd, and ſhe ſav'd with joy.

Coſmelia.

When God-like *Belleger* from War's alarms
Return'd in Triumph to *Cæleſtia*'s Arms,
She met her Hero with a full Deſire,
But chaſt as Light, and vigorous as Fire.
Such mutual Flames, ſo equally Divine,
Did in each Breaſt with ſuch a luſtre ſhine,
His cou'd not ſeem the greater, her's the leſs:
Both were immenſe, for both were in exceſs.

Strephon.

Strephon.

Oh, God-like Princeſs! Oh, thrice happy Swains!
While ſhe preſided o'er the fruitful Plains;
While ſhe for ever raviſh'd from our Eyes,
To mingle with her Kindred of the Skies,
Did for your Peace her conſtant Thoughts employ,
The Nymph's good Angel, and the Shepherd's Joy.

Coſmelia.

All that was Noble beautify'd her Mind;
There Wiſdom ſat, with ſolid Reaſon joyn'd;
There too did Piety and Greatneſs wait,
Meekneſs on Grandeur, Modeſty on State:
Humble amidſt the Splendours of a Throne;
Plac'd above all, and yet deſpiſing none.
And when a Crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
She with ſome pain ſubmitted to be Great.

Strephon.

Her pious Soul with emulation ſtrove
To gain the mighty *Pan*'s important Love:
To whoſe myſterious Rites ſhe always came,
With ſuch an active, ſo intenſe a Flame,

The

The Duties of Religion ſeem'd to be
Not more her Caſe, than her Felicity.

Coſmelia.

Virtue unmixt, without the leaſt allay,
Pure as the light of a Celeſtial Ray,
Commanded all the Motions of her Soul,
With ſuch a ſoft, but abſolute Controul,
That as ſhe knew what beſt great *Pan* wou'd pleaſe,
She ſtill perform'd it with the greateſt eaſe.
Him for her high Exemplar ſhe deſign'd,
Like him, Benevolent to all Mankind.
Her Foes ſhe pityed, not deſir'd their Blood,
And to revenge their Crimes, ſhe did them good:
Nay, all Affronts, ſo unconcern'd ſhe bore,
(Maugre that violent temptation Pow'r,)
As if ſhe thought it vulgar to reſent,
Or wiſh'd Forgiveneſs their worſt Puniſhment.

Strephon.

Next mighty *Pan*, was her Illuſtrious Lord,
His high Vicegerent, ſacredly Ador'd:
Him with ſuch Piety and Zeal ſhe lov'd,
The noble Paſſion ev'ry hour improv'd,

Till

Till it aſcended to that glorious Hight,
'Twas next, (if only next) to Infinite.
This made her ſo entire a Duty pay,
She grew at laſt impatient to obey,
And met his wiſhes with as prompt a Zeal,
As an Archangel his Creator's Will.

Coſmelia.

Mature for Heav'n, the fatal Mandate came,
With it a Chariot of Etherial Flame,
In which, *Elijah* like, ſhe paſs'd the Spheres;
Brought Joy to Heav'n, but left the World in Tears.

Strephon.

Methinks I ſee her on the Plains of Light,
All Glorious, all incomparable Bright!
While the immortal Minds around her gaze
On the exceſſive Splendour of her Rays,
And ſcarce believe a human Soul cou'd be
Endow'd with ſuch ſtupendious Majeſty.

Coſmelia.

Who can lament too much? Oh! who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful *Cæleſtia*'s Urn!

So

So great a loſs as this deſerves exceſs
Of Sorrow, all's too little, that is leſs.
But to ſupply the univerſal Woe,
Tears from all Eyes, without ceſſation, flow:
All that have pow'r to weep, or voice to groan,
With throbbing Breaſts *Cæleſtia*'s Fate bemoan:
While Marble Rocks the common Griefs partake,
And Eccho back thoſe Cries they cannot make.

Strephon.

Weep then (once fruitful) Vales, and ſpring [with Yew;
Ye thirſty barren Mountains, weep with Dew.
Let ev'ry Flow'r on this extended Plain
Not droop, but ſhrink into its Womb again,
Ne're to receive anew its yearly Birth;
Let ev'ry thing that's graceful leave the Earth.
Let mournful Cyprus, with each noxious Weed,
And baleful Venoms in their place ſucceed.
Ye purling querulous Brooks, o'ercharg'd with Grief,
Haſte ſwiftly to the Sea for more Relief;
Then Tiding back each to his ſacred Head,
Tell your aſtoniſh'd Springs, *Cæleſtia*'s dead.

Coſmelia.

Coſmelia.

Well have you ſung in an exalted ſtrain,
The faireſt Nymph e'er grac'd the *Britiſh* Plain.
Who knows but ſome officious Angel may
Your grateful Numbers to her Ears convey;
That ſhe may ſmile upon us from above,
And bleſs our mournful Plains with Peace and Love.

Strephon.

But ſee, our Flocks do to their Folds repair,
For Night with ſable Clouds obſcures the Air.
Cold damps deſcend from the unwholſom Sky,
And ſafety bids us to our Cottage fly.
Tho' with each Morn out Sorrows will return,
Each Ev'n, like Nightingals, we'll ſing and mourn,
Till Death conveys us to the peaceful Urn.

TO

His Friend under Affliction.

NOne lives in this tumultuous State of Things,
Where ev'ry Morning ſome new Trouble brings,
But bold Inquietudes will break his reſt,
And gloomy Thoughts diſturb his anxious Breaſt.
Angelick Forms, and happy Spirits are
Above the Malice of perplexing Care:
But that's a Bleſſing too ſublime, too high
For thoſe who bend beneath Mortality.
If in the Body there was but one part
Subject to pain, and ſenſible to ſmart,
And but one Paſſion cou'd torment the Mind,
That Part, that Paſſion buſie Fate wou'd find.
But ſince Infirmities in both abound,
Since Sorrow both ſo many ways can wound,
'Tis not ſo great a wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a miracle we live.

The

The happieſt Man that ever breath'd on Earth,
With all the Glories of Eſtate and Birth,
Had yet ſome anxious Care to make him know
No Grandeur was above the reach of Woe.
To be from all things that diſquiet, free,
Is not conſiſtent with Humanity.
Youth, Wit, and Beauty, are ſuch charming things,
O'er which, if Affluence ſpreads her gaudy Wings,
We think the Perſon, who enjoys ſo much,
No Care can move, and no Affliction touch.
Yet cou'd we but ſome ſecret method find
To view the dark Receſſes of the Mind,
We there might ſee the hidden Seeds of Strife,
And Woes in Embrio rip'ning into Life;
How ſome fierce Luſt, or boiſterous Paſſion, fills
The labouring Spirit with prolific Ills:
Pride, Envy, or Revenge, diſtract his Soul,
And all Right-reaſon's God-like Pow'rs controul.
But if ſhe muſt not be allow'd to ſway,
Tho' all without appears ſerene and gay,
A cankerous Venom on the Vitals preys,
And poiſons all the Comforts of his Days.

Eternal

External Pomp, and visible Success,
Sometimes contribute to our Happiness;
But that, which makes it genuine refin'd,
Is a good Conscience, and a Soul resign'd:
Then, to whatever End affliction's sent,
To try our Virtues, or for Punishment,
We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous Woe,
And still adore the Hand that gives the blow.
For in Misfortunes this advantage lies,
They make us humble, and they make us wise.
And he that can acquire such Virtues, gains
An ample Recompence for all his pains.

Too soft Caresses of a prosperous Fate
The pious Fervours of the Soul abate;
Tempt to luxurious Ease our careless Days,
And gloomy Vapours round the Spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a sleep, we dosing lie,
And find our Ruin in Security;
Unless some Sorrow comes to our Relief,
And breaks th' Inchantment by a timely Grief.

But as we are allow'd, to chear our ſight,
In blackeſt Days, ſome glimmerings of Light:
So in the moſt dejected Hours we may
The ſecret Pleaſure have to weep and pray.
And thoſe Requeſts the ſpeedieſt paſſage find
To Heav'n, which flow from an afflicted Mind:
And while to him we open our Diſtreſs,
Our Pains grow lighter, and our Sorrows leſs.
The fineſt Muſick of the Grove, we owe
To mourning *Phylomel*'s harmonious Woe;
And while her Grief's in charming Notes expreſt,
A Thorny Bramble pricks her tender Breaſt:
In warbling Melody ſhe ſpends the Night,
And moves at once compaſſion and delight.

No choice had e're ſo happy an Event,
But he that made it, did that choice repent.
So weak's our Judgment, and ſo ſhort's our ſight,
We cannot level our own Wiſhes right:
And if ſometimes we make a wiſe advance,
Our ſelves we little owe, but much to chance.

So that when Providence, for ſecret Ends,
Corroding Cares, or ſharp Affliction ſends,
We muſt conclude it beſt it ſhou'd be ſo,
And not deſponding, or impatient grow.
For he that will his confidence remove,
From boundleſs Wiſdom, and eternal Love,
To place it on himſelf, or human Aid,
Will meet thoſe Woes he labours to evade.
But in the keeneſt Agonies of Grief,
Content's a Cordial that ſtill gives Relief.
Heav'n is not always angry when he ſtrikes,
But moſt Chaſtiſes thoſe whom moſt he likes:
And if with humble Spirits they complain,
Relieves the Anguiſh, or rewards the Pain.

A Prospect of Death.

A Pindarick ESSAY.

----- *Omneis una manet nox,*
Et calcanda semel via Leti. Hor.

I.

SInce we can die but once, and after Death
Our State no alteration knows;
But, when we have resign'd our Breath,
Th' immortal Spirit goes
To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes.
Wise is that Man who labours to secure
The mighty, and important Stake;
And, by all methods, strives to make
His passage safe, and his reception sure.

Merely

Merely to die no Man of Reaſon fears,
For certainly we muſt,
As we are born, return to duſt:
'Tis the laſt Point of many lingering years.
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain wou'd know;
But human Underſtanding cannot ſhow.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange apprehenſions in the Mind;
Fills it with reſtleſs Doubts, and wild Debates
Concerning what, we living, cannot find.
None know what Death is, but the Dead,
Therefore we all by Nature dying dread,
As a ſtrange, doubtful way, we know not how to
[tread.

II.

When to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And ſcarce have one black painful hour to live,
No hopes, no proſpect of a kind reprieve,
To ſtop our ſpeedy paſſage to the Tomb.

How moving, and how mournful is the sight,
How wondrous pittiful, how wondrous sad;
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort to be had,
In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
To chear our drooping Souls for their amazing flight?
Feeble and Languishing, in Bed we lie,
Despairing to recover, void of rest,
Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,
With mighty Agonies, and mighty Pains oppress.

III.

Our Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat;
Faint and irregular the Pulses beat;
The Blood unactive grows,
And thickens as it flows,
Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.
Our dying Eyes roul heavily about,
Their Light just going out;
And for some kind assistance call,
But pitty, useless pitty's all

Our

Our weeping Friends can give,
Or we receive;
Tho their Deſires are great, their Pow'rs are ſmall.
The Tongue's unable to declare
The Pains, the Griefs, the Miſeries we bear;
How inſupportable our Torments are.
Muſick no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,
Reſtores our Joys, or diſſipates our Fears;
But all is melancholy, all is ſad,
In Robes of deepeſt Mourning clad:
For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sence,
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

Then we are ſenſible, too late,
'Tis no advantage to be Rich or Great:
For all the fulſom Pride, and Pageantry of State,
No conſolation brings.
Riches and Honours, then are uſeleſs things,
Taſtleſs, or bitter all;
And, like the Book which the Apoſtle eat,
To the ill-judging Palate ſweet;
But turn at laſt to nauſeouſneſs and gall.

Nothing will then our drooping Spirits chear,
But their remembrance of good Actions past.
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever last,
And makes pale Death less terrible appear;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.
In the dark Anti-Chambers of the Grave
What wou'd we give, ev'n all we have,
All that our Cares, and Industry had gain'd,
All that our Fraud, our Policy, our Art obtain'd,
Cou'd we recall those fatal Hours again,
Which we consum'd in senseless Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, and Luxurious Ease;
For then they urge our Terrors, and increase our Pain.

V.

Our Friends and Relatives stand weeping by,
Dissolv'd in Tears to see us die;
And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity.
In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve,
Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.

They

They pity our deplorable Eſtate,
But what, alas, can pity do,
To ſoften the decrees of Fate!
Beſides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.
All their endeavours to preſerve our Breath,
Tho' they do unſucceſsful prove,
Show us how much, how tenderly they love,
But cannot cut off the entail of Death.
Mournful they look, and croud about our Bed,
One with officious haſte,
Brings us a Cordial, we want Sence to taſte:
Another ſoftly raiſes up our Head;
This wipes away the Sweat, that, ſighing cries,
See what Convulſions, what ſtrong Agonies,
Both Soul and Body undergo!
His Pains no intermiſſion know;
For ev'ry gaſp of Air he draws, returns in ſighs.
Each wou'd his kind aſſiſtance lend
To ſerve his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend;
But ſtill in vain, with Deſtiny they all contend.

VI.

Our Father, pale with grief and watching grown,
Takes our cold hand in his, and cries Adieu,
Adieu, my Child, now I muſt follow you.
Then weeps, and gently lays it down.
Our Sons, who in their tender Years,
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,
Come trembling to our Bed, and kneeling cry,
Bleſs us, O Father! now before you die;
Bleſs us, and be you bleſt to all Eternity.
Our Friend, whom equal to our ſelves we love,
Compaſſionate and kind,
Cries, will you leave me here behind,
Without me fly, to the bleſt Seats above?
Without me, did I ſay, ah no!
Without thy Friend thou can'ſt not go:
For tho' thou leav'ſt me grov'ling here below,
My Soul with thee ſhall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit company,
Thro' the bright Paſſage of the yielding Sky.

Ev'n

Ev'n Death that parts thee from thy ſelf, ſhall be
Incapable to ſeparate
(For 'tis not in the Power of Fate)
My Friend, my beſt, my deareſt Friend, and me.
But ſince it muſt be ſo, Farewel
For ever! No; for we ſhall meet agen,
And live like Gods, tho' now we die like Men,
In the eternal Regions, where juſt Spirits dwell.

VII.

The Soul, unable longer to maintain
The fruitleſs and unequal Striſe,
Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
To keep the Counterſcarps of Life,
By ſlow degrees retires toward the Heart,
And fortifies that little Fort
With all the kind Artilleries of Art;
Botanick Legions guarding ev'ry Port.
But Death, whoſe Arms no mortal can repel,
A formal Siege diſdains to lay,
Summons his fierce Battalions to the fray,
And in a minute ſtorms the feeble Cittadel.

Some-

Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
Pretends to make a ſolid Peace,
But 'tis all ſham, all artifice;
That we may negligent and careleſs be:
For if his Armies are withdrawn to day,
And we believe no danger near,
But all is peaceable, and all is clear,
His Troops return ſome unſuſpected way.
While in the ſoft Embrace of Sleep we lie,
The ſecret Murd'rers ſtab us, and we die.

VIII.

Since our firſt Parents Fall,
Inevitable Death deſcends on all,
A Portion none of human Race can miſs,
But that which makes it ſweet, or bitter, is
The fears of Miſery, or certain hopes of Bliſs:
For when the Impenitent and Wicked die,
Loaded with Crimes, and Infamy,
If any Sence at that ſad time remains,
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains.

The earneſt of that vaſt ſtupendious Woe,
Which they to all Eternity muſt undergo;
Confin'd in Hell with everlaſting Chains.
Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like rav'nous Wolves, to ſeize upon the prey,
And hurry the departed Souls away
To the dark Receptacles of Deſpair;
Where they muſt dwell till that tremendous Day
When the loud Trump ſhall call them to appear
Before a Judge moſt terrible, and moſt ſevere:
By whoſe juſt Sentence they muſt go
To everlaſting Pains, and endleſs Woe.

IX.

But the good Man, whoſe Soul is pure,
Unſpotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly ſtains of Luſt, and Villany,
Of Mercy, and of Pardon ſure;
Looks thro' the Darkneſs of the gloomy Night,
And ſees the dawning of a glorious Day;
Sees crouds of Angels ready to convey
His Soul, whene'er ſhe takes her flight,
To the ſurpriſing Manſions of immortal Light.

Then

Then the Celeſtial Guards around him ſtand,
Nor ſuffer the black Demons of the Air
T' oppoſe his Paſſage to the promis'd Land;
Or terrifie his Thoughts with wild Deſpair,
But all is calm within, and all without is fair.

His Prayers, his Charity, his Virtues preſs,
To plead for Mercy, when he wants it moſt;
Not one of all the happy Number's loſt;
And thoſe bright Advocates ne'er want ſucceſs.
But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,

She paſſes up in triumph thro' the Sky,
Where ſhe's united to a glorious Throng
Of Angels, who with a Celeſtial Song,
Congratulate her Conqueſt as ſhe flies along.

X.

If therefore all muſt quit the Stage,
When or how ſoon we cannot know,
But late or early, we are ſure to go;
In the freſh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age;
We cannot take too ſedulous a Care,
In this important, grand Affair.

For

For as we die, we muſt remain,
Hereafter all our hopes are vain,
To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return again.
The Heathen, who no better underſtood
Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd
No future Miſery cou'd be prepar'd,
For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good;
But, if there was a State of reſt,
They ſhou'd with the ſame Happineſs be bleſt,
As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, poſſeſt.
We have the promiſe of Eternal Truth,
Thoſe who live well, and pious Paths purſue,
To Man, and to their Maker true,
Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth,
Can never miſs
Their way to everlaſting Bliſs:
But from a World of Miſery and Care,
To Manſions of eternal Eaſe repair:
Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
No interruption, no ceſſation knows,
But in a mighty Circle round for ever goes.

DIANA

DIANA

OXONII & ELGINI

COMITISSA.

Quæ.

Illustri orta Sanguine, Sanguinem Illustravit,
Ceciliorum Meritis Clara, suis Clarissima;
Ut quæ nesciret minor esse Maximis.
Vitam ineuntem Innocentia,
Procedentem ampla Virtutum cohors.
Exeuntem Mors Beatissima decoravit.
(Volente Numine)
Ut nuspiam deesset aut Virtus aut Felicitas.
Duobus conjuncta Maritis
Utrique charissima;

Primum

Primum

(*Quem ad Annum habuit*)

Impense dilexit :

Secundum

(*Quem ad Annos viginti quatuor*)

Tanta Pietate, & Amore coluit ;

Ut Cui, vivens,

Obsequium tanquam Patri præstitit ;

Moriens ?

Patrimonium tanquam Filio reliquit.

Noverca cum esset,

Maternam Pietatem facile Superavit.

Famulitii adeo Mitem Prudentemq; curam gessit,

Ut non tam Domina Familiæ præesse,

Quam Anima Corpori inesse videretur.

Deniq;

Cum Pudico, Humili, Forti, Sancto Animo,

Virginibus, Conjugibus, Viduis, omnibus

Exemplum consecrâsset Integerrimum ;

Terris Anima Major, ad Similies evolavit Superos

DIANA

Countess of

Oxford and *Elgin.*

WHO from a Race of noble Hero's came,
And added Lustre to its Antient Fame:
Round her the Virtues of the *Cecils* shone,
But with inferiour Brightness to her own;
Which she refin'd to that sublime degree,
The greatest Mortal cou'd not greater be.
Each Stage of Life peculiar Splendor had;
Her tender Years with Innocence were clad,
Maturer grown, whate're was brave and good
In the Retinue of her Virtues stood:
And at the final period of her Breath,
She crown'd her Life with a propitious Death.
That no occasion might be wanting here
To make her Virtues fam'd, or Joys sincere.

Two Noble Lords her Genial Bed poſſeſt,
A Wife to both the deareſt, and the beſt.
Oxford ſubmitted in one Year to Fate,
For whom her Paſſion was exceeding great.
To *Elgin* full ſix *Luſtra* were aſſign'd,
And him ſhe lov'd with ſo intenſe a Mind,
That, living, like a Father ſhe obey'd,
Dying, as to a Son, left all ſhe had.
When a Step Mother, ſhe ſoon ſoar'd above
The common height, ev'n of Maternal Love.
She did her num'rous Family command
With ſuch a tender Care, ſo wiſe a Hand,
She ſeem'd no otherwiſe a Miſtreſs there
Than God-like Souls in human Bodies are.
But when to all ſhe had Example ſhow'd,
How to be great and humble, chaſt and good,
Her Soul for Earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its Peers, the Princes of the Sky.

TO A

PAINTER

DRAWING

DORINDA's Picture.

PAinter, the utmoſt of thy Judgment ſhow,
Exceed even *Titian*, and great *Angello*;
With all the livelineſs of Thought, expreſs
The moving Features of *Dorinda*'s Face.
Thou canſt not flatter, where ſuch Beauty dwells;
Her Charms thy Colours, and thy Art excels.
Others, leſs fair, may from thy Penſil have
Graces, which ſparing Nature never gave:
But in *Dorinda*'s Aſpect thou wilt ſee
Such as will poſe thy famous Art, and thee:
So great, ſo many in her Face unite,
So well proportion'd, and ſo wond'rous bright;
No human Skill can e're expreſs 'em all,
But muſt do wrong to th' fair Original.

An

An Angels Hand alone the Penſil fits,
To mix the Colours, when an Angel ſits.

Thy Picture may as like *Dorinda* be,
As Art of Man can paint a Deity;
And juſtly may perhaps, when ſhe withdraws,
Excite our wonder, and deſerve applauſe:
But when compar'd, you'l be oblig'd to own,
No Art can equal, what's by Nature done.
Great *Lilly*'s noble Hand, excell'd by few,
The Picture fairer than the Perſon drew:
He took the beſt that Nature cou'd impart,
And made it better by his pow'rful Art.
But had he ſeen that bright ſurpriſing Grace,
Which ſpreads it ſelf o're all *Dorinda*'s Face,
Vain had been all the Eſſays of his Skill,
She muſt have been confeſt the faireſt ſtill.

Heav'n in a Landskip may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted Light can ſhine,
But ſtill the real Glories of that Place
All Art by infinite degrees ſurpaſs.

TO THE

PAINTER,

After he had Finiſh'd

DORINDA's Picture.

PAinter, thou haſt perform'd what Man can do,
Only *Dorinda*'s Self more Charms can ſhew.
Bold are thy Stroaks, and delicate each Touch,
But ſtill the Beauties of her Face are ſuch
As cannot juſtly be deſcrib'd; tho' all
Confeſs 'tis like the bright Original.
In her, and in thy Picture, we may view
The utmoſt Nature, or that Art can do,
Each is a Maſter-piece, Deſign'd ſo well,
That future Times may ſtrive to parallel,
But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

TO

TO HIS
FRIEND,
INCLIN'D TO
MARRY.

I Wou'd not have you, *Strephon*, chuſe a Mate
From too exalted, or too mean a State:
For in both theſe, we may expect to find
A creeping Spirit, or a haughty Mind.
Who moves within the middle Region, ſhares
The leaſt Diſquiets, and the ſmalleſt Cares.
Let her Extraction with true Luſtre ſhine,
If ſomething brighter, not too bright for thine.
Her Education liberal, not great,
Neither Inferiour, nor above her State.
Let her have Wit, but let that Wit be free
From Affectation, Pride, and Pedantry:
For the effect of Womans Wit is ſuch,
Too little is as dangerous, as too much.

But chiefly let her Humour close with thine,
Unless where yours does to a Fault incline.
The least Disparity in this destroys,
Like sulph'rous Blasts, the very Buds of Joys.
Her Person amiable, strait, and free
From natural, or chance Deformity.
Let not her Years exceed, if equal thine,
For Women past their Vigour soon decline.
Her Fortune competent, and if thy sight
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd right.
If thine's enough, then hers may be the less,
Do not aspire to Riches in excess;
For that which makes our lives delightful prove,
Is a genteel Sufficiency, and Love.

ELEAZER's

ELEAZER's Lamentation

OVER

Jeruſalem;

Paraphraſed out of

JOSEPHUS.

Stanza I.

ALas, *Jeruſalem*! Alas! Where's now
Thy Priſtine Glory, thy unmatch'd Renown;
To which the Heathen Monarchys did bow,
Ah hapleſs, miſerable Town!
Where's all thy Majeſty, thy Beauty gone?
Thou once moſt noble celebrated Place,
The Joy, and the Delight of all the Earth;
Who gav'ſt to God-like Princes Birth,
And bred up Hero's, an immortal Race.

Where's

Where's now thy vaſt Magnificence, which made
The Souls of Foreigners adore
Thy wond'rous Brightneſs, which no more
Shall ſhine, but lie in an eternal Shade.
Oh Miſery! Where's all her mighty State,
Her ſplendid Train of numerous Kings,
Her noble Edifices, noble Things,
Which made her ſeem ſo eminently Great?
That barb'rous Princes in her Gates appear'd,
And wealthy Preſents, as their Tribute brought,
To court her Friendſhip, for her ſtrength they fear'd,
And all her wide protection ſought.
But now, ah, now they laugh, and cry,
See how her lofty Buildings lie,
See how her flaming Turrets guild the Sky!

II.

Where's all the Young, the Valiant, and the Gay
That on her Feſtivals were us'd to play
Harmonious Tunes, and beautifie the Day?
The glittering Troops, which did from far
Bring home the Trophies, and the Spoils of War.

Whom

Whom all the Nations round with Terror view'd,
Nor durſt their God-like Valour try,
Where-e're they fought, they certainly ſubdu'd,
And ev'ry combat gain'd a Victory.
Ah! where's the Houſe of the Eternal King,
The beauteous Temple of the Lord of Hoſts,
To whoſe large Treaſuries our Fleets did bring
The Gold, and Jewels of remoteſt Coaſts;
There had the Infinite Creator plac'd
His terrible, amazing Name.
And with his more peculiar Preſence grac'd
That Heav'nly *Sanctum*, where no mortal came,
The High-Prieſt only, he but once a year,
In that Divine Apartment might appear:
So full of Glory, and ſo ſacred then,
But now corrupted with the heaps of Slain,
Which ſcatter'd round with Blood, defile the mighty
Fane.

III.

Alas *Jeruſalem!* each ſpacious Street
Was once ſo fill'd, the numerous Throng
Were forc'd to juſtle as they paſs'd along;

And

And Thouſands did with Thouſands meet,
The Darling then of God, and Man's belov'd retreat.
In thee was the bright Throne of Juſtice fix'd,
Juſtice Impartial, and with Fraud unmix'd.
She ſcorn'd the Beauties of fallacious Gold,
Deſpiſing the moſt wealthy Bribes;
But did the ſacred Balance hold
With God-like Faith to all our happy Tribes.
Thy well-built Streets, and ev'ry noble Square,
Were once with poliſh'd Marble laid,
And all thy lofty Bull-works made
With wond'rous Labour, and with artful Care.
Thy pond'rous Gates, ſurpriſing to behold,
Were cover'd o're with ſolid Gold;
Whoſe Splendour did ſo glorious appear,
It raviſh'd and amaz'd the Eye;
And Strangers paſſing, to themſelves wou'd cry,
What mighty heaps of Wealth are here!
How thick the Bars of maſſy Silver lie?
O happy People! and ſtill happy be,
Celeſtial City! from Deſtruction free,
May'ſt thou enjoy a long entire Proſperity.

IV. But

IV.

But now, Oh wretched, wretched Place!
Thy Streets and Palaces are spread
With heaps of Carcasses, and Mountains of the Dead;
The bleeding Relicks of the *Jewish* Race:
Each corner of the Town, no vacant space,
But is with breathless Bodies fill'd;
Some by the Sword, and some by Famine kill'd.
Natives and Strangers are together laid,
Death's Arrows all at random flew
Amongst the Croud, and no distinction made,
But both the Coward and the Valiant slew.
All in one dismal Ruin joyn'd,
(For Swords and Pestilence are blind,)
The Fair, the Good, the Brave, no mercy find:
Those that from far, with joyful haste,
Came to attend thy Festival,
Of the same bitter Potion taste,
And by the black destructive Poison fall,
For the avenging Sentence pass'd on all.

Oh!

Oh! See how the delight of human Eyes
In horrid Deſolation lies!
See how the burning Ruins flame,
Nothing now left, but a ſad empty Name;
And the triumphant Victor cries,
This was the fam'd *Jeruſalem!*

V.

The moſt obdurate Creature muſt
Be griev'd to ſee thy Palaces in Duſt,
Thoſe antient Habitations of the Juſt:
And cou'd the Marble Rocks but know
The Miſ'ries of thy fatal overthrow,
They'd ſtrive to find ſome ſecret way unknown,
Maugre the ſenſleſs Nature of the Stone,
Their pity, and concern to ſhow.
For now, where lofty Buildings ſtood,
Thy Sons corrupted Carcaſſes are laid;
And all by this Deſtruction made
One common *Golgotha*, one Field of Blood.
See! how thoſe antient Men, which rul'd thy State,
And made thee happy, made thee great,

Who

Who ſat upon the awful Chair
Of mighty *Moſes*, in long Scarlet clad,
The good to cheriſh, and chaſtiſe the bad;
Now ſit in the corrupted Air,
In ſilent Melancholy, and in ſad Deſpair!
See! how their murder'd Children round 'em lie!
Ah diſmal Scene! Hark how they cry!
Woe! woe! woe! One Beam of Mercy give,
Good Heav'n! Alas, we wou'd live!
Be pityful, and ſuffer us to die!
Thus they lament, thus beg for eaſe,
While in their feeble aged Arms they hold
The Bodies of the Off-ſpring, ſtiff and cold,
To guard 'em from the rav'nous Savages:
Till their increaſing Sorrows Death perſwade
(For Death muſt ſure with pity ſee
The horrid Deſolation he has made)
To put a period to their Miſery.
Thy wretched Daughters that ſurvive,
Are by the Heathen kept alive
Only to gratifie their Luſt,
And then be mixt with common Duſt.

Oh!

Oh! inſupportable, ſtupendious Woe!
What ſhall we do? Ah! whither ſhall we go?
Down to the Grave, down to thoſe happy Shades
[below!
Where all our brave Progenitors are bleſt
With endleſs Triumphs, and eternal Reſt.

VI.

But who without a Flood of Tears can ſee
Thy mournful ſad Cataſtrophe?
Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie
In Aſhes, and not be in pain to die?
Unhappy, dear *Jeruſalem*! thy Woes
Have rais'd my Griefs to ſuch a vaſt exceſs,
Their mighty Weight no mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or words expreſs,
Nor can they poſſibly, while I ſurvive, be leſs.
Good Heav'n had been extremely kind,
If it had ſtruck me dead, or ſtruck me blind,
Before this curſed Time, this worſt of Days.
Is Death quite tir'd, are all his Arrows ſpent?
If not, why then ſo many dull delays?
Quick, quick, let the obliging Dart be ſent!

Nay,

Nay, at me only let ten Thousands fly,
Who e're shall wretchedly survive, that I
May, happily, be sure to did.
Yet still we live, live in excess of pain,
Our Friends and Relatives are slain;
Nothing but Ruins round us see,
Nothing but Desolation, Woe, and Misery!
Nay, while we thus with bleeding Hearts complain,
Our Enemies without prepare
Their direful Engins to pursue the War;
And you must slavishly preserve your Breath,
Or seek for freedom in the Arms of Death.

VII.

Thus then resolve, nor tremble at the thought,
Can Glory be too dearly bought?
Since the Almighty Wisdom has Decreed
That we, and all our Progeny, shou'd bleed,
It shall be after such a noble way,
Succeeding Ages will with wonder view,
What brave Despair compell'd us to:
No, we will ne're survive another Day.

Bring then your Wives, your Children, all
That's valuable, good, or Dear,
With ready hands, and place 'em here;
They ſhall unite in one vaſt Funeral.
I know your Courages are truly brave,
And dare do any thing, but ill:
Who wou'd an aged Father ſave,
That he may live in Chains, and be a Slave,
Or for remorſleſs Enemies to kill?
Let your bold Hands then give the fatal Blow;
For what at any other time wou'd be
The dire Effect of Rage and Cruelty,
Is Mercy, Tenderneſs, and Pity now,
This then perform'd, we'll to the Battle fly,
And there admidſt our ſlaughter'd Foes expire.
If 'tis Revenge, and Glory you deſire,
Now you may have them, if you dare but die;
Nay more, ev'n Freedom, and Eternity.

UPON THE

Divine Attributes.

A Pindarick ESSAY.

Εἷς ἔστιν Θεὸς
Ὃς οὐρανὸν τε τυχὲ καὶ γαῖαν μακρὰν.

Soph.

Unity. Eternity.

I.

WHence ſprung this glorious Frame, or when [began
Things to Exiſt, they cou'd not always be?
To what ſtupendious Energy
Shall we aſcribe the Origin of Man?
That Cauſe, from which all Beings elſe aroſe,
Muſt Self-exiſtent be alone,
Intirely perfect, and but one:

Nor Equal, nor Superiour knows;
Two firſts, in reaſon, we can ne're ſuppoſe.
If that inſulſe Opinion we allow,
That once there abſolutely nothing was,
Then nothing cou'd be now:
For by what Inſtrument, or how
Shall Non-Exiſtence to Exiſtence paſs?
Thus ſomething muſt from everlaſting be,
Or Matter, or a Deity.
If Matter only uncreate we grant,
We ſhall Volition, Wit, and Reaſon want;
An Agent Infinite, and Action free,
Whence does Volition, whence does Reaſon flow?
How came we to Reflect, Deſign, and Know?
This from a nobler Nature ſprings,
Diſtinct in Eſſence from Material Things;
For thoughtleſs Matter cannot Thought beſtow.
But if we own a God Supreme,
And all Perfections poſſible in him:
In him does boundleſs Excellence reſide,
Pow'r to Create, and Providence to Guide.

Unmade himſelf, cou'd no beginning have,
But to all Subſtance prime Exiſtence gave;
Can what he will deſtroy, and what he pleaſes ſave.

Power.

II.

The undeſigning Hand of giddy Chance,
Cou'd never fill with Globes of Light,
So beautiful, and ſo amazing Bright,
The lofty Concave of the vaſt Expanſe;
Theſe cou'd proceed from no leſs Pow'r than Infinite.
There's not one Atome of this wond'rous Frame,
Nor Eſſence Intellectual, but took
Exiſtence, when the great Creator ſpoke,
And from the common Womb of empty Nothing came.
Let Subſtance be, he cry'd, and ſtrait aroſe
Angelick, and Corporeal too,
All that Material Nature ſhows,
And what does Things inviſible compoſe,
At the ſame inſtant ſprung, and into Being flew.

Mount to the Convex of the higheſt Sphere,
Which draws a mighty Circle round
Th' interior Orbs, as their capacious Bound,
There Millions of new Miracles appear;
There dwell the eldeſt Sons of Pow'r Immenſe,
Who firſt were to Perfection wrought,
Firſt to complete Exiſtence brought,
To whom their Maker did diſpenſe
The largeſt Portions of created Exellence.
Eternal now, not of Neceſſity,
As if they cou'd not ceaſe to be,
Or were from poſſible Deſtruction free.
But on the Will of God depend,
For that, which cou'd begin, can end.
Who, when the lower Worlds were made,
Without the leaſt miſcarriage, or defect,
By the Almighty Architect,
United Adoration paid,
And with Exſtatick Gratitude his Laws obey'd.

III. Phi-

III.

Philoſopy of Old, in vain eſſay'd
To tell us, how this mighty Frame
Into ſuch beauteous Order came;
But by falſe Reaſonings, falſe Foundations laid,
She labour'd hard, but ſtill the more ſhe wrought,
The more was wilder'd in the Maze of Thought.
Sometimes ſhe faney'd things to be
Coeval with the Deity,
And in the form, which now they are
From everlaſting Ages were.
Sometimes the caſual Event
Of Atoms floating in a ſpace Immenſe,
Void of all Wiſdom, Rule, and Senſe,
But, by a lucky Accident,
Jumbl'd into this Scheme of wond'rous Excellence.
'Twas an eſtabliſh'd Article of old,
Chief of the Philoſophick Creed,
And does in Natural Productions hold,
That from mere nothing, nothing could proceed:

Material Subſtance never cou'd have roſe,
If ſome Exiſtence had not been before,
In Wiſdom Infinite, Immenſe in Power,
Whate're is made, a Maker muſt ſuppoſe,
As an Effect, a Cauſe, that cou'd produce it ſhows.
Nature and Art indeed have Bounds aſſign'd,
And only Form to things, not being, give,
That from Omnipotence they muſt receive:
But the Eternal Self-exiſtent Mind,
Can with a ſingle Fiat cauſe to be
All, that the wondering Eye ſurveys,
And all, it cannot ſee.
Nature may ſhape a beauteous Tree,
And Art a noble Palace raiſe,
But muſt not to Creative Pow'r aſpire;
That their great God alone can claim,
As Pre-exiſting Subſtance doth require;
So where they nothing find, can nothing Frame.

Wiſdom.

Wiſdom.

IV.

Matter produc'd had ſtill a Chaos been,
For Jarring Elements engag'd,
Eternal Battles wou'd have wag'd,
And fill'd with endleſs Horrour the Tumultuous [Scene;
If Wiſdom Infinite, for leſs
Cou'd not the vaſt prodigious Embrio weild,
Or Strength compleat to labouring Nature yield,
Had not with actual Addreſs
Compos'd the bellowing Hurry, and eſtabliſh'd [Peace.
Whate're this viſible Creation ſhows
That's lovely, uniform, and bright,
That guilds the Morning, or adorns the Night,
To her its Eminence and Beauty owes.
By her all Creatures have their Ends aſſign'd,
Proportion'd to their Nature, and their Kind;
To which they ſteadily advance,
Mov'd by Right-Reaſon's high Command,
Or guided by the ſecret Hand
Of real Inſtinct, not imaginary Chance.

Nothing,

Nothing, but Men, rejects her ſacred Rules,
Who from the End of their Creation fly,
And deviate into Miſery:
As if the liberty to act like Fools
Were the chief cauſe, that Heaven made 'em free.

Providence.

V.

Bold is the Wretch, and blaſphemous the Man,
Who, Finite, will attempt to Scan
The Works of him that's infinitely Wiſe,
And thoſe he cannot comprehend, denies;
As if a ſpace Immenſe were meaſurable by a Span.
Thus the proud Sceptick will not own
That Providence the World directs,
Or its Affairs inſpects,
But leaves it to it ſelf alone.
How does it with Almighty Grandure ſuit,
To be concern'd with our Impertinence;
Or interpoſe his Pow'r for the defence
Of a poor Mortal, or a ſenſleſs Brute?

Villains

Villains cou'd never ſo ſucceſsful prove,
And unmoleſted in thoſe pleaſures live,
Which honour, eaſe, and affluence give:
While ſuch as Heav'n adore, and Virtue love,
And moſt the care of Providence deſerve,
Oppreſs'd with Pain, and Ignominy ſtarve.
What Reaſon can the wiſeſt ſhow,
Why Murder does unpuniſh'd go?
If the moſt High, that's Juſt and Good,
Intends and Governs all below;
And yet regards not the loud Cries of guiltleſs Blood.
But ſhall we things unſearchable deny,
Becauſe our Reaſon cannot tell us why
They are allow'd, or acted by the Deity?
'Tis equally above the reach of Thought
To comprehend, how Matter ſhould be brought
From nothing, as Exiſtent be
From all Eternity.
And yet that Matter is, we feel, and ſee,
Nor is it eaſier to define
What Ligatures the Soul and Body join:

Or

Or how the Mem'ry does the Impreſſion take
Of things, and to the Mind reſtores 'em back.

VI.

Did not th' Almighty, with immediate Care,
Direct and Govern this capacious All,
How ſoon wou'd things into Confuſion fall;
Earthquakes the trembling Ground wou'd tear,
And blazing Comets rule the troubled Air.
Wide Inundations with reſiſtleſs force
The lower Provinces o'reflow,
In ſpight of all that human Strength cou'd do,
To ſtop a raging Sea's impetuous Courſe:
Murder and Rapine ev'ry place wou'd fill,
And ſinking Virtue ſtoop to proſperous Ill.
Devouring Peſtilences rave,
And all that part of Nature which has Breath,
Deliver to the Tyranny of Death,
And hurry to the Dungeons of the Grave,
If watchful Providence were not concern'd to ſave.
Let the brave Soldier ſpeak, who oft has been
In dreadful Sieges, and fierce Battles ſeen;

How

How he's preſerv'd, when Bombs, and Bullets fly
So thick, that ſcarce one inch of Air is free;
And tho' he does ten Thouſand ſee
Fall at his Feet, and in a moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the Victory.
Let the poor Ship-wreck'd Saylor ſhow,
To what inviſible protecting Pow'r
He did his Life and Safety owe,
When the lowd Storm his well-built Veſſel tore,
And half a ſhatter'd Plank convey'd him to the Shoar.
Nay, let th' ungrateful Sceptick tell us, how
His tender Infancy protection found,
And helpleſs Childhood was with ſafety crown'd,
If he'll no Providence allow?
When he had nothing but his Nurſes Arms
To guard him from innumerable fatal Harms.
From Childhood, how to Youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to Man?
How in the Strength and Vigour of his Years,
The feeble Bark of Life he ſaves,
Amidſt the fury of Tempeſtuous Waves,

From all the dangers he foreſees, or fears;
Yet ev'ry hour 'twixt *Sylla* and *Charibdis* ſtears;
If Providence, which can the Seas Command,
Held not the Rudder with a ſteady Hand?

Omnipreſence.

VII.

'Tis happy for the Sons of Men, that he,
Who all Exiſtence out of nothing made,
Supports his Creatures by immediate aid;
But then this All-intending Deity
Muſt Omnipreſent be.
For how ſhall we, by demonſtration, ſhow
The Godhead is this moment here,
If he's not preſent ev'ry where;
And always ſo?
What's not perceptible by Senſe, may be
Ten Thouſand Miles remote from me,
Unleſs his Nature is from limitation free.
In vain we for Protection pray;
For Benefits receiv'd high Altars raiſe,
And offer up our Hymns and Praiſe;
In vain his Anger dread, or Laws obey.

An

An abſent God from Ruin can defend
No more, than can an abſent Friend;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make returns,
When the loud Muſick ſounds, and Victim burns,
Than a poor *Indian* Slave *Mexico.*
If ſo, 'tis equally in vain,
The Proſperous ſings, and wretched mourns;
He cannot hear the Praiſe, or mitigate the Pain.
But by what Being is confin'd
The God-head we adore?
He muſt have equal, or ſuperiour Pow'r:
If equal only, they each other bind;
So neither's God, if we define him right,
For neither's Infinite:
But if the other have ſuperiour Might,
Then him, we Worſhip, can't pretend to be
Omnipotent, and free
From all Reſtraint, and ſo no Deity.
If God is limited in Space, his View,
His Knowledge, Pow'r, and Wiſdom is ſo too:

Unleſs

Unleſs we'll own, that theſe Perfections are
At all times preſent ev'ry where;
Yet he himſelf not actually there.
Which to ſuppoſe, this ſtrange Concluſion brings,
His Eſſence, and his Attributes are diff'rent things.

Immutability.

VIII.

As the Supreme Omniſcient Mind
Is by no Boundaries confin'd,
So Reaſon muſt acknowledge him to be
From poſſible Mutation free;
For what he is, he was from all Eternity.
Change, whether the Effect of Force, or Will,
Muſt argue Imperfection ſtill.
But Imperfection in a Deity,
That's abſolutely Perfect, cannot be:
Who can compel, without his own conſent,
A God to change, that is Omnipotent?
And ev'ry alteration without Force,
Is for the better, or the worſe:
He that is infinitely Wiſe,

To

To alter for the worſe will never chuſe,
That a Depravity of Nature ſhews;
And he, in whom all true Perfection lies,
Cannot by change to greater Excellencies riſe.
If God be mutable, which way, or how
Shall we demonſtrate, that will pleaſe him now,
Which did a thouſand Years ago?
And 'tis impoſſible to know
What he forbids, or what he will allow.
Murder, Inchantment, Luſt, and Perjury,
Did in the foremoſt Rank of Vices ſtand,
Prohibited by an expreſs Command;
But whether ſuch they ſtill remain to be,
No Argument will, poſitively, prove,
Without immediate notice from above;
If the Almighty Legiſlator can
Be chang'd, like his inconſtant Subject Man.
Uncertain thus what to perform, or ſhun,
We all intolerable Hazards run,
When an eternal Stake is to be loſt, or won.

Juſtice.

IX.

Rejoyce, ye Sons of Piety, and ſing
Loud Hallelujahs to his glorious Name,
Who was, and will for ever be the ſame:
Your grateful Incenſe to his Temples bring,
That from the ſmoaking Altars may ariſe
Clouds of Perfumes to the Imperial Skies.
His Promiſes ſtand firm to you,
And endleſs Joys will be beſtow'd,
As ſure, as that there is a God,
On all who Virtue chuſe, and righteous Paths purſue.
Nor ſhou'd we more his Menaces diſtruſt,
For while he is a Deity, he muſt
(As infinitely Good) be infinitely Juſt.
But does it with a gracious Godhead ſuit,
Whoſe Mercy is his darling Attribute,
To puniſh Crimes, that Temporary be,
And thoſe but trivial Offences too,
Mere ſlips of human Nature, ſmall and few,
With everlaſting Miſery?

This

This ſhocks the Mind, with deep Reflections fraught,
And Reaſon bends beneath the pond'rous Thought.
Crimes take their eſtimate for guilt, and grow
More heinous ſtill, the more they do incenſe;
That God, to whom all Creatures owe
Profoundeſt Reverence.
Tho' as to that degree, they raiſe
The anger of the Merciful moſt High,
We have no ſtandard to diſcern it by,
But the Infliction he on the Offender lays.
So that if endleſs Puniſhment on all
Our unrepented Sins muſt fall,
None, not the leaſt, can be accounted ſmall.
That God is in Perfection Juſt, muſt be
Allow'd by all, that own a Deity:
If ſo, from Equity he cannot ſwerve,
Nor puniſh Sinners, more than they deſerve.
His Will Reveal'd, is both expreſs and clear,
"Ye Curſed of my Father, go
"To everlaſting Woe;
If everlaſting means Eternal here,

Duration abſolutely without end,
Againſt which Senſe ſome zealouſly contend,
That when apply'd to Pains, it only means,
They ſhall ten Thouſand Ages laſt,
Ten Thouſand more, perhaps, when they are paſt,
But not Eternal in a literal Senſe;
Yet own the Pleaſures of the Juſt remain,
So long as there's a God exiſts to Reign.
Tho' none can give a ſolid Reaſon, why
The word Eternity,
To Heav'n and Hell indifferently joyn'd,
Shou'd carry Senſes of a different kind;
And 'tis a ſad Experiment to try.

Goodneſs.

X.

But if there be one Attribute Divine,
With greater Luſtre than the reſt can ſhine,
'Tis Goodneſs, which we ev'ry moment ſee
The God-head exerciſe with ſuch delight,
It ſeems, if only ſeems, to be
The beſt belov'd Perfection of the Deity;
And more than Infinite.

Without

Without that, he cou'd never prove
A proper Object of our Praiſe or Love.
Were he not good, he'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in Affliction cry,
Or ſee the guiltleſs for the guilty die,
Than *Nero*, when the flaming City burn'd,
And weeping *Romans* o're its Ruins mourn'd.
Eternal Juſtice then wou'd be
But everlaſting Cruelty:
Pow'r unreſtrain'd, Almighty Violence,
And Wiſdom unconfin'd, but craft immenſe.
'Tis Goodneſs conſtitutes him what he is,
And thoſe
Who will deny him this,
A God without a Deity ſuppoſe.
When the lewd Atheiſt blaſphemouſly Swears
By his tremendous Name,
There is no God, but all's a ſham;
Inſipid Tattle, Praiſe and Prayers:
Virtue pretence, and all the ſacred Rules
Religion teaches, tricks to cully Fools;

Juſtice wou'd ſtrike th' audacious Villain dead,
But Mercy boundleſs ſaves his guilty Head;
Gives him Protection, and allows him Bread.
Does not the Sinner, whom no danger awes,
Without reſtraint his Infamy purſue,
Rejoyce, and Glory in it too;
Laugh at the Pow'r Divine, and ridicule his Laws:
Labour in Vice his Rivals to excel,
That when he's dead, they may their Pupils tell
How wittily the Fool was damn'd, how hard he fell.
Yet this vile Wretch in ſafety lives,
Bleſſings in common with the beſt receives,
Tho' He's proud t' affront the God thoſe Bleſſings [gives.
The chearful Sun his Influence ſheds on all,
Has no reſpect to good or ill;
And fruitful Show'rs without diſtinction fall,
Which Fields with Corn, with Graſs the Paſtures [fill,
The bounteous Hand of Heaven beſtows
Succeſs and Honour many times on thoſe
Who ſcorn his Favorites, and careſs his Foes.

XI. To

XI.

To this good God, whom my advent'rous Pen
Has dar'd to celebrate
In lofty *Pindar*'s Strain;
Tho' with unequal ſtrength to bear the weight
Of ſuch a pond'rous Theam, ſo infinitely Great:
To this good Good, Celeſtial Spirits pay,
With Exſtacy Divine, inceſſant Praiſe,
While on the Glories of his Face they gaze,
In the bright Regions of Eternal Day.
To him each Rational Exiſtence here,
Whoſe Breaſt one ſpark of Gratitude contains,
In whom there are the leaſt remains
Of Piety or Fear,
His Tribute brings of joyful Sacrifice,
For Pardon prays, and for Protection flies.
Nay, the inanimate Creation give,
By prompt Obedience to his Word,
Inſtinctive Honour to their Lord;
And ſhame the thinking World, who in Rebellion
[live.

With Heav'n and Earth then, O my Soul, unite,
And the great God of both adore, and bleſs.
Who gives thee Competence, Content and Peace,
The only Fountains of ſincere Delight.
That from the tranſitory Joys below,
Thou, by a happy Exit, may'ſt remove
To thoſe ineffable above:
Which from the Viſion of the Godhead flow,
And neither end, decreaſe, nor interruption know.

TO

TO HIS

Friend under Affliction.

SInce the firſt Man by Diſobedience fell
An eaſie Conqueſt to the Pow'rs of Hell,
There's none, in every Stage of Life, can be
From the Inſults of bold Affliction free.
If a ſhort reſpite gives us ſome Relief,
And interrupts the Series of our Grief,
So quick the Pangs of Miſery return,
We Joy by minutes, but by years we Mourn.

Reaſon refin'd, and to perfection brought,
By wiſe Philoſophy, and ſerious Thought,
Supports the Soul beneath the pond'rous Weight
Of angry Stars, and impropitious Fate.
Then is the time ſhe ſhou'd exert her Pow'r,
And make us practice what ſhe taught before.
For why are ſuch Volum'nous Authors read,
The learned Labours of the famous Dead,

But

But to prepare the Mind for its defence,
By ſage Reſults, and well-digeſted Sence;
That when the Storm of Miſery appears
With all its real, or fantaſtick Fears,
We either may the rouling danger fly,
Or ſtem the Tyde before it ſwells too high.

But tho' the Theory of Wiſdom's known
With eaſe, what ſhou'd, and what ſhou'd not be done:
Yet all the labour in the Practice lies,
To be in more than Words, and Notion wiſe.
The ſacred Truths of ſound Philoſophy
We ſtudy early, but we late apply.
When ſtubborn Anguiſh ſeizes on the Soul,
Right-Reaſon wou'd its haughty Rage controul;
But if it mayn't be ſuffer'd, to endure
The Pain is juſt, when we reject the Cure.
For many Men, cloſe obſervation finds,
Of copious Learning, and exalted Minds;
Who tremble at the ſight of daring Woes,
And ſtoop ignobly to the vileſt Foes;

As if they underſtood not how to be
Or wiſe, or brave, but in Felicity;
And by ſome Action, ſervile, or unjuſt,
Lay all their former Glories in the Duſt.
For Wiſdom firſt the wretched Mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his Enemies.
So that when moſt his Prudence ſhou'd be ſhown,
The moſt imprudent giddy things are done:
For when the Mind's ſurrounded with Diſtreſs,
Fear, or Inconſtancy, the Judgment preſs,
And render it incapable to make
Wiſe Reſolutions, or good Counſels take.
Yet there's a ſteadineſs of Soul, and Thought,
By Reaſon bred, and by Religion taught,
Which, like a Rock amidſt the ſtormy Waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all Affliction braves.

In ſharp Misfortunes ſome will ſearch too deep,
What Heav'n prohibits, and wou'd ſecret keep:
But thoſe Events 'tis better not to know,
Which known, ſerve only to increaſe our Woe.

Know-

Knowledge forbid, 'tis dangerous to purſue,
With Guilt begins, and ends with Ruin too.
For had our earlieſt Parents been content
Not to know more, than to be Innocent:
Their ignorance of Evil had preſerv'd
Their Joys intire; for then they had not ſwerv'd.
But they imagin'd, (their deſires were ſuch,)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.
E're ſince by Folly moſt to Wiſdom riſe,
And few are, but by ſad Experience, wiſe.

Conſider, Friend! who all your Bleſſings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have;
And do do not murmur, when you are bereft
Of little, if you have abundance left.
Conſider too, how many Thouſands are
Under the worſt of Miſeries, Deſpair!
And don't repine at what you now endure,
Cuſtom will give you eaſe, or time will cure.

Once

Once more conſider, that the preſent Ill,
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater ſtill;
And be not anxious; for to undergo
One grief, is nothing to a numerous Woe.
But ſince it is impoſſible to be
Human, and not expos'd to Miſery,
Bear it, my Friend, as bravely as you can;
You are not more, and be not leſs than Man!

Afflictions paſt, can no Exiſtence find,
But in the wild Ideas of the Mind:
And why ſhould we for thoſe Misfortunes mourn,
Which have been ſuffer'd, and can ne'er rerurn?
Thoſe that have weather'd a Tempeſtuous Night,
And find a Calm approaching with the Light,
Will not, unleſs their Reaſon they diſown,
Still make thoſe Dangers preſent, that are gone.
What is behind the Curtain, none can ſee;
It may be Joy; ſuppoſe it Miſery.

'Tis future ſtill, and that, which is not here,
May never come, or we may never bear.
Therefore the preſent Ill, alone we ought
To view, in reaſon, with a troubled Thought:
But, if we may the ſacred Pages truſt,
He's always Happy, that is always Juſt.

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occaſion of the following Poem was the barbarity of a certain Commander (*K.*) in the *Weſtern* Rebellion, who debauch'd a young Lady, with a promiſe to ſave her Husband's Life, but hang'd him the next Morning.

Cruelty and Luſt.

An Epiſtolary ESSAY.

WHere can the wretched'ſt of all Creatures fly
To tell the Stories of her Miſery?
Where, but to faithful *Celia*, in whoſe Mind
A manly Brav'ry's with ſoft pity join'd.
I fear theſe Lines will ſcarce be underſtood,
Blurr'd with inceſſant Tears, and writ in Blood:
But if you can the mournful Periods read,
The ſad Relation ſhows you ſuch a deed,

As

As all the Annals of th' Infernal Reign
Shall ſtrive to equal, or exceed, in vain.

Neronior's Fame, no doubt has reach'd your Ears,
Whoſe Cruelty has caus'd a Sea of Tears:
Fill'd each lamenting Town with Funeral Sighs,
Deploring Widows ſhreeks, and Orphans cries.
At ev'ry Health the horrid Monſter quaff'd,
Ten Wretches died, and as they died, he laugh'd:
Till, tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,
Drunk with exceſs of Blood, and Wine, to Bed.
Oh curſed Place! ---- I can no more command
My Pen, ſhame and confuſion ſhake my hand:
But I muſt on, and let my *Celia* know,
How barb'rous are my Wrongs, how vaſt my Woe.

Amongſt thoſe Crouds of *Weſtern* Youth, who ran
To meet the brave, betray'd, unhappy Man,
My Husband, fatally uniting, went;
Unus'd to Arms, and thoughtleſs of th' Event.
But when the Battle was by Treach'ry won,
The chief, and all, but his falſe Friend, undone:

Tho'

Tho' in the Tumult of that deſperate Night,
He 'ſcap'd the dreadful Slaughter of the Flight,
Yet the ſagacious Blood-hounds, skill'd too well
In all the murdering Qualities of Hell,
Each ſecret Place ſo regularly beat,
They ſoon diſcover'd his unſafe retreat.
As hungry Wolves, triumphing o're their Prey,
To ſure Deſtruction hurry them away.
So the Purveyers of fierce *Moloc*'s Son,
With *Charion* to the common Butchery run;
Where proud *Neronior* by his Gibbits ſtood
To glut himſelf with freſh ſupplies of Blood.
Our Friends, by pow'rful Interceſſion, gain'd
A ſhort Reprieve, but for three days obtain'd,
To try all ways might to compaſſion move
The Savage General, but in vain they ſtrove.
When I perceiv'd that all Addreſſes fail'd,
And nothing o're his ſtubborn Soul prevail'd,
Diſtracted almoſt, to his Tent I flew,
To make the laſt Effort, what Tears cou'd do.

Low on my Knees I fell, then thus began:

Great Genius of Succeſs, thou more than Man!
Whoſe Arms to ev'ry Clime have terror hurl'd,
And carried Conqueſt round the trembling World.
Still may the brighteſt Glories Fame can lend,
Your Sword, your Conduct, and your Cauſe attend.
Here now the Arbiter of Fate you ſit,
While ſuppliant Slaves their Rebel Heads ſubmit.
Oh pity the unfortunate, and give
But this one thing, Oh let but *Charion* live!
And take the little all, that we poſſeſs:
I'll bear the meager anguiſh of Diſtreſs;
Content, nay pleas'd to beg, or earn my Bread,
Let *Charion* live, no matter how I'm fed.
The fall of ſuch a Youth no luſtre brings,
To him, whoſe Sword performs ſuch wond'rous things,
As ſaving Kingdoms, and ſupporting Kings
That Triumph only with true Grandure ſhines,
Where God-like Courage, God-like Pity joins.
Cæſar, the eldeſt Favourite of War,
Took not more pleaſure to ſubdue, than ſpare:

And

And ſince in Battle you can greater be,
That over, be n't leſs merciful than he.
Ignoble Spirits by Revenge are known,
And cruel Actions ſpoil the Conqueror's Crown:
In future Hiſt'ries fill each mournful Page
With Tales of Blood, and Monuments of Rage:
And while his Annals are with Horror read,
Men curſe him living, and deteſt him dead.
Oh, do not ſully with a ſanguine Dye,
The fouleſt Stain, ſo fair a Memory!
Then as you'l live the Glory of our Iſle,
And Fate on all your Expeditions ſmile;
So when a noble Courſe, you've bravely ran,
Die the beſt Soldier, and the happieſt Man.
None can the Turns of Providence foreſee,
Or what their own Cataſtrophe may be;
Therefore to Perſons labouring under Woe,
That Mercy they may want, ſhou'd always ſhow.
For in the Chance of War, the ſlighteſt thing
May loſe the Battle, or the Vict'ry bring.
And how wou'd you that General's Honour prize,
Shou'd in cool Blood his Captive Sacrifice?

He that with Rebel Arms to fight is led,
To Juſtice forfeits his opprobrious Head:
But 'tis unhappy *Charion*'s firſt Offence,
Seduc'd by ſome too plauſible Pretence,
To take the injuring ſide by error brought;
He had no malice, tho he has the fau't.
Let the old Tempters find a ſhameful Grave,
But the half-innocent, the Tempted ſave.
Vengeance Divine, tho' for the greateſt Crime,
But rarely ſtrikes the firſt or ſecond time:
And he beſt follows the Almighty's Will,
Who ſpares the guilty, he has Pow'r to kill.
When proud Rebellions wou'd unhinge a State,
And wild Diſorders in a Land create,
'Tis requiſite, the firſt Promoters ſhou'd
Put out the Flames, they kindled, with their Blood:
But ſure 'tis a degree of Murder, all
That draw their Swords, ſhould undiſtinguiſh'd fall.
And ſince a Mercy muſt to ſome be ſhown,
Let *Charion* 'mongſt the happy few be one:

For

For as none guilty has leſs guilt than he,
So none for Pardon has a fairer Plea.

When *David*'s General had won the Field,
And *Abſolom*, the lov'd ungrateful, kill'd,
The Trumpets ſounding made all Slaughters ceaſe,
And miſ-led *Iſraelites* return'd in peace.
The Action paſs'd, where ſo much Blood was ſpilt,
We hear of none Arraign'd for that day's Guilt;
But all concludes with the deſir'd Event,
The Monarch Pardons, and the *Jews* Repent.

As great Examples your high Courage warms,
And to illuſtrious Deeds excites your Arms:
So when you inſtances of Mercy view,
They ſhou'd inſpire you with Compaſſion too:
For he that emulates the truly Brave,
Wou'd always Conquer, and ſhou'd always Save.

Here interrupting, ſtern *Neronior* cry'd,
(Swell'd with Succeſs, and blubber'd up with Pride,)
Madam, his Life depends upon my Will,
For ev'ry Rebel I can ſpare, or kill:

I'll think of what you've ſaid, this Night return
At Ten, perhaps you'l have no cauſe to mourn.
Go ſee your Husband, bid him not deſpair;
His Crime is great, but you are wond'rous Fair.

When anxious Miſeries the Soul amaze,
And dire Confuſions in our Spirits raiſe;
Upon the leaſt appearance of Relief
Our hopes revive, and mitigate our grief.
Impatience makes our Wiſhes earneſt grow,
Which thro' falſe Opticks our Deliverance ſhow.
For while we fancy danger does appear
Moſt at a diſtance, it is oft too near:
And many times ſecure from obvious Foes,
We fall into an Ambuſcade of Woes.

Pleas'd with the falſe *Neronior*'s dark Reply,
I thought the end of all my Sorrows nigh;
And to the Main-guard haſten'd, where the prey
Of this Blood-thirſty Fiend in durance lay.
When *Charion* ſaw me, from his turffy Bed
With eagerneſs he rais'd his drooping Head.

Oh, fly my Dear, this guilty place, he cry'd,
And in ſome diſtant Clime thy Virtue hide!
Here nothing but the fouleſt Dæmons dwell,
The Refuſe of the Damn'd, and Mob of Hell:
The Air, they breath, is ev'ry Atome curſt,
There's no degrees of Ill, for all are worſt.
In Rapes, and Murders they alone delight,
And Villanies of leſs importance ſlight:
Act 'em indeed, but ſcorn they ſhou'd be nam'd,
For all their Glory's to be more than damn'd,
Neronior's Chief of this Infernal Crew,
And ſeems to merit that high Station too.
Nothing but Rage, and Luſt inſpire his Breaſt,
By *Aſmodai*, and *Moloc* both poſſeſt.
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my Soul into an Agony.
Not that I wou'd not for my freedom give
What's requiſite, or do not wiſh to live:
But for my ſafety I can ne're be baſe,
Or buy a few ſhort years with long Diſgrace.
Nor wou'd I have your yet unſpotted Fame
For me expos'd to an eternal Shame.

With Ignominy to preſerve my Breath,
Is worſe, by infinite Degrees, than Death:
But if I can't my Life with honour ſave,
With honour I'll deſcend into the Grave.
For tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
(As both to fix my Ruin ſeem to join,)
Yet maugre all their violence and skill,
I can die Juſt, and I'm reſolv'd I will.

But what is Death, we ſo unwiſely fear?
An end of all our buſie Tumults here:
The equal lot of Poverty and State,
Which all partake of by a certain Fate.
Whoe're the Proſpect of Mankind ſurveys,
At divers Ages, and by divers ways,
Will find 'em from this noiſy Scene retire,
Some the firſt minute that they breath, expire.
Others perhaps ſurvive to talk, and go,
But die, before they Good or evil know.
Here one to Puberty arrives, and then
Returns lamented to the Duſt again:

Another there maintains a longer ſtriſe
With all the powerful Enemies of Life;
'Till with vexation tir'd, and threeſcore Years,
He droops into the dark, and diſappears.
I'm young indeed, and might expect to ſee
Times future long, and late Poſterity.
'Tis what with reaſon I ſhou'd wiſh to do,
If to be Old, were to be Happy too.
But ſince ſubſtantial Grief ſo ſoon deſtroys
The guſt of all imaginary Joys,
Who wou'd be too importunate to live,
Or more for Life, than it can merit, give.

Beyond the Grave ſtupendious Regions lie,
The boundleſs Realms of vaſt Eternity;
Where Minds, remov'd from Earthly Bodies dwell;
But who their Government, or Laws can tell?
What's their Employment till the final Doom,
And Time's eternal Period ſhall come?
Thus much the ſacred Oracles declare,
That all are bleſt, or miſerable there:

Tho' if there's ſuch variety of Fate,
None good expire too ſoon, none bad too late.
For my own part, with Reſignation ſtill
I can ſubmit to my Creator's Will:
Let him recal the Breath, from him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleaſes too.
The way of Dying is my leaſt Concern,
That will give no diſturbance to my Urn:
If to the Seats of Happineſs I go,
There end all poſſible Returns of Woe:
And when to thoſe bleſt Manſions I arrive,
With pity I'll look down on thoſe that ſurvive.
Once more I beg, you'd from theſe Tents retreat,
And leave me to my Innocence, and Fate.

Charion, ſaid I, Oh, do not urge my flight!
I'll ſee th' Event of this important Night:
Some ſtrange Preſages in my Soul forebode
The worſt of Miſeries, or the greateſt Good.
Few hours will ſhow the utmoſt of my Doom,
A joyful Safety, or a peaceful Tomb.

If you miſcarry, I'm reſolv'd to try,
If gracious Heav'n will ſuffer me to die:
For when you are endleſs Raptures gone,
If I ſurvive, 'tis but to be done,
Who will ſupport an injur'd Widow's Right,
From ſly Injuſtice, or oppreſſive Might?
Protect her Perſon, or her Cauſe defend?
She rarely wants a Foe, or finds a Friend.
I've no diſtruſt of Providence, but ſtill
'Tis beſt to be beyond the reach of Ill:
And thoſe can have no reaſon to repent,
Who tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
But to a World of everlaſting Bliſs
Why wou'd you go, and leave me here in this?
'Tis a dark Paſſage, but our Foes ſhall view,
I'll die as calm, tho' not ſo brave as you:
That my behaviour to the laſt may prove,
Your Courage is not greater than my Love.
The hour approach'd, as to *Neronior*'s Tent
With trembling, but impatient, ſteps I went,
A thouſand Horrors throng'd into my Breaſt,
By ſad Ideas, and ſtrong Fears poſſeſt,

Where-

Where-e'er I paſs'd, the glaring Lights wou'd ſhow
Freſh Objects of Deſpair, and Scenes of Woe.

Here, in a Croud of Drunken Soldiers, ſtood
A wretched, poor old Man, beſmear'd with Blood,
And at his Feet, juſt thro' the Body run,
Struggling for Life, was laid his only Son;
By whoſe hard Labour he was daily fed,
Dividing ſtill with pious Care, his Bread.
And while he mourn'd with Floods of aged Tears,
The ſole Support of his decrepid Years,
The barb'rous Mob, whoſe rage no limit knows,
With blaſphemous Deriſion mock'd his Woes.

There under a wide Oak, diſconſolate,
And drown'd in Tears, a mournful Widow ſat.
High in the Boughs the murder'd Father hung;
Beneath, the Children round their Mother clung:
They cry'd for Food, but 'twas without Relief;
For all they had to live upon, was Grief:
A Sorrow ſo intenſe, ſuch deep Deſpair,
No Creature merely Human long cou'd bear.

Firſt in her Arms her weeping Babes ſhe took,
And with a groan, did to her Husband look!
Then lean'd her Head on theirs, and ſighing cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the World! and died.

From this ſad Spectacle my Eyes I turn'd,
Where Sons their Fathers, Maids their Lovers [mourn'd;
Friends for their Friends, Siſters for Brothers wept;
Pris'ners of War in Chains, for ſlaughter kept.
Each ev'ry hour did the black Meſſage dread,
Which ſhou'd declare, the Perſon lov'd was dead.
Then I beheld, with brutal Shouts of Mirth,
A comely Youth, and of no common Birth,
To Execution led, who hardly bore
The Wounds in Battle, he receiv'd before;
And as he paſs'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wiſh to live, nor fear to die.

At the curſt Tent arriv'd, without delay
They did me to the General convey;

Who

Who thus began.
Madam! by freſh Intelligence I find,
That *Charion*'s Treaſon's of the blackeſt kind;
And my Commiſſion is expreſs to ſpare
None, that ſo deep in Rebellion are.
New Meaſures therefore 'tis in vain to try,
No Pardon can be granted, he muſt die.
Muſt, or I hazard all, which yet I'd do,
To be oblig'd in one Requeſt by you,
And maugre all the dangers I foreſee:
Be mine this Night, I'll ſet your Husband free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope ſucceſs
By ſupple Flatt'ry, and by ſoft Addreſs;
The pert, gay Cocks-comb by thoſe little Arts,
Gains an Aſcendant o're the Ladies Hearts,
But I can no ſuch whining methods uſe;
Conſent, he lives; he dies, if you refuſe.

Amaz'd at this demand, ſaid I, the Brave,
Upon ignoble Terms, diſdain to ſave;
They let their Captives ſtill with Honour live;
Nor more require, than what themſelves wou'd give:

For

For generous Victors, as they ſcorn to do
Diſhoneſt Things, ſcorn to propoſe 'em too.
Mercy, the brighteſt Virtue of the Mind,
Shou'd with no devious Appetite be join'd:
For if when exercis'd, a crime it coſt,
Th' intrinſick Luſtre of the Deed is loſt.
Great Men their Actions of a piece ſhou'd have,
Heroick all, and each intirely Brave:
From the nice Rules of Honour none ſhou'd ſwerve,
Done becauſe good, without a mean reſerve.

The Crimes, new charg'd on the unhappy Youth,
May have Revenge, and Malice, but no Truth.
Suppoſe the Accuſation juſtly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minuteſt fau't,
Yet Mercy's next to infinite abate
Offences, next to infinitely Great:
And 'tis the Glory of a noble Mind,
In full Forgiveneſs not to be confin'd.
Your Prince's Frowns, if you have cauſe to fear,
This Act will more Illuſtrious appear;

Tho' his excuſe can never be withſtood,
Who diſobeys, but only to be good.
Perhaps the hazard's more than you expreſs;
The Glory wou'd be, were the danger leſs.
For he, that to his prejudice will do
A noble Action, and a generous too,
Deſerves to wear a more reſplendent Crown,
Than he, that has a thouſand Battles won.
Do not invert Divine Compaſſion ſo,
As to be Cruel, or no Mercy ſhow!
Of what Renown can ſuch an Action be,
Which ſaves my Husband's Life, but Ruins me?
Tho' if you finally reſolve to ſtand
Upon ſo vile, inglorious a Demand,
He muſt ſubmit; if 'tis my fate, to mourn
His Death, I'll bath with virtuous Tears his Urn.

Well, Madam, haughtily *Neronior* cry'd,
Your Courage and your Virtue ſhall be try'd:
But to prevent all proſpect of a flight,
Some of my Lambs ſhall be your guard to Night.

By

By them, no doubt, you'l tenderly be us'd,
They ſeldom ask a Favour, that's refus'd:
Perhaps you'l find them ſo genteely Bred,
They'l leave you but few virtuous Tears to ſhed.
Surrounded with ſo innocent a Throng,
The Night muſt paſs delightfully along:
And in the Morning, ſince you will not give
What I require, to let your Husband live,
You ſhall behold him ſigh his lateſt Breath,
And gently ſwing into the Arms of Death.
His Fate he merits, as to Rebels due,
And yours will be as much deſerv'd by you.

Oh, *Celia*, think! ſo far as Thought can ſhow,
What Pangs of Grief, what Agonies of Woe,
At this dire Reſolution ſeiz'd my Breaſt!
By all things ſad, and terrible poſſeſt.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my Pray'rs were to a Tyger made;
A Tyger! worſe; for 'tis beyond diſpute,
No Fiend's ſo cruel as a Reas'ning Brute.

Encompaſs'd thus, and hopeleſs of Relief,
With all the Squadrons of Deſpair and Grief:
Ruin it was not poſſible to ſhun,
What cou'd I do, O! What wou'd you have done?

The hours, that paſs'd, till the black Morn return'd,
With Tears of Blood ſhou'd be for ever mourn'd.
When to involve me with conſummate Grief,
Beyond Expreſſion, and above Belief,
Madam, the Monſter cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the Fair that's kind,
Step to the Door, I'll ſhow you ſuch a Sight,
Shall overwhelm your Spirits with Delight.
Does not that Wretch, who wou'd Dethrone his King,
Become the Gibbet, and adorn the String?
You need not now an injur'd Husband dread,
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
Twas for your ſake, I ſeiz'd upon his Life,
He wou'd perhaps have ſcorn'd ſo Chaſt a Wife:
And, Madam, you'l excuſe the Zeal I ſhow,
To keep that Secret, none alive ſhou'd know.

Curſt

Curſt of all Creatures, for compar'd with thee,
The Devils, ſaid I, are dull in Cruelty.
O may that Tongue eternal Vipers breed,
And, waſtleſs, their eternal Hunger feed,
In Fires too hot for *Salamanders* dwell,
The burning Earneſt of a hotter Hell.
May that vile Lump of execrable Luſt
Corrupt alive, and rot into the Duſt.
May'ſt thou Deſpairing at the Point of Death,
With Oaths and Blaſphemies reſign thy Breath;
And the worſt of Torments that the Damn'd ſhou'd [ſhare,
In thine own Perſon all united bear.

O *Celia*, O my Friend! what Age can ſhow
Sorrows like mine, ſo exquiſite a Woe?
Indeed it does not infinite appear,
Becauſe it can't be everlaſting here;
But 'tis ſo vaſt, that it can ne're increaſe,
And ſo confirm'd, it never can be leſs.

ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE Earl of A—— WITH THE Countess of S——.

TRyumphant Beauty never looks so Gay,
As on the Morning of a Nuptial Day.
Love then within a larger Circle moves,
New Graces adds, and ev'ry Charm improves;
While *Hymen* does his sacred Rites prepare,
The busy Nymphs attend the trembling Fair;
Whose Veins are swelled with an unusual Heat,
And eager Pulses with strange Motions beat;

Alter-

Alternate Paſſions various Thoughts impart,
And painful Joys diſtend her throbbing Heart;
Her Fears are great, and her Deſires are ſtrong,
The Minutes fly too faſt,--- yet ſtay too long:
Now She is Ready,--- the Next Moment not:
All things are done,--- then ſomething is forgot:
She fears,--- yet wiſhes the ſtrange Work were done;
Delays,--- yet is impatient to be gone:
Diſorders thus from ev'ry Thought ariſe,
What Love perſwades, I know not what denies.

Achates Choice does his firm Judgment prove,
And ſhows at once he can be wiſe and Love;
Becauſe it from no ſpurious Paſſion came,
But was the Product of a noble Flame:
Bold without Rudeneſs, without Blazing Bright,
Pure as fixt Star, and Uncorrupt as Light;
By juſt Degrees it to Perfection grew,
An early Ripeneſs, but a laſting too.
So the bright Sun aſcending to his Noon,
Moves not too ſlowly, nor is there too ſoon.

But tho' *Achates* was unkindly driv'n
From his own Land, he's Baniſh'd into Heaven;
For ſure the Raptures of *Coſmelia*'s Love
Are next, if only next, to Thoſe Above:
Thus Pow'r Divine does with his Foes engage,
Rewards his Vertues, and defeats their Rage;
For firſt it did to fair *Coſmelia* give
All that a Humane Creature could receive:
Whate'er can raiſe our Wonder or Delight,
Tranſport the Soul, or gratify the Sight,
Then in the full Perfection of her Charms,
Lodg'd the bright Virgin in *Achates* Arms.

What Angels are, is in *Coſmelia* ſeen,
Their Awful Glories, and their God-like Mein;
For in her Aſpect all the Graces meet,
All that is Noble, Beautiful, or Sweet;
There ev'ry Charm in lofty Triumph ſits,
Scorns poor Defect, and to no Fault ſubmits;
There Symmetry, Complexion, Air, unite,
Sublimely Noble, and Amazing Bright.

So,

So, newly finiſht by the Hand Divine
Before her Fall, did the firſt Woman ſhine:
But *Eve* in one great Point ſhe does excel;
Coſmelia never err'd at all, ſhe fell.
From her, Temptation in Deſpair withdrew,
Nor more aſſaults, whom it could ne'er ſubdue.

Vertue confirm'd, and regularly brought
To full Maturity by ſerious Thought,
Her Actions with a watchful Eye ſurveys,
Each Paſſion guides, and ev'ry Motion ſways:
Not the leaſt Failure in her Conduct lies,
So gayly Modeſt, and ſo freely Wiſe.

Her Judgment ſure, impartial, and refin'd,
With Wit that's clear, and penetrating joyn'd,
O'er all the Efforts of her Mind preſides,
And to the Nobleſt End her Labours guides:
She knows the beſt, and does the beſt purſue,
And treads the Maze of Life without a Clew;
That the Weak only and the Wav'ring lack,
When they 're miſtaken, to conduct 'em back:

She does amidſt ten thouſand Ways prefer
The Right, as if not capable to err.

Her Fancy ſtrong, vivacious, and Sublime,
Seldom betrays her Converſe to a Crime;
And tho' it moves with a Luxuriant Heat,
'Tis ne'er precipitous, but always Great:
For each Expreſſion, ev'ry teeming Thought,
Is to the ſcanning of her Judgment brought;
Which wiſely ſeperates the fineſt Gold,
And caſts the Image in a beaut'ous Mold.

No trifling Words debaſe her Eloquence,
But all's Pathetick, all is Stirling Senſe,
Refin'd from Droſſy Chat, and Idle Noiſe,
With which the Female Converſation cloys;
So well ſhe knows what's underſtood by few,
To time her Thoughts, and to expreſs 'em too;
That what ſhe ſpeaks does to the Soul tranſmit
The fair Ideas of delightful Wit.

Illuſtrious

Illustrious Born, and as Illustrious Bred,
By great Example to Wise Actions led;
Much to the Fame her Lineal Heroes bore
She owes, but to her own high Genius more;
And, by a noble Emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their Vertues, and her own Improv'd,
Till they arriv'd to that Celestial Hight,
Scarce Angels Greater be, or Saints so bright.

But if *Cosmelia* could yet Lovelier be,
Of Nobler Birth, or more a Deity,
Achates merits Her, tho' none but He,
Whose Gen'rous Soul abhors a base Disguise,
Resolv'd in Action, and in Counsel Wise:
Too well confirm'd and fortified within,
For Threats to force, or Flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidst the Hurricane he stood,
He dare be guiltless, and he will be good.

Since the first Pair in Paradice were join'd,
Two Hearts were ne'er so Happily combin'd.

Achates

Achates Life to fair *Cosmelia* gives,
In fair *Cosmelia* Great *Achates* lives:
Each is to other the Divineſt Bliſs;
He is Her Heaven, and She is more than His.
O may the kindeſt Influence Above
Protect their Perſons, and Indulge their Love.

FINIS.

Some Books printed for *Edward Place*, at *Furnival's-Inn-Gate* in *Holborn*.

THE Clergyman's Law, or Compleat Incumbent, by *W. Watſon*, L. L. D.
Bridgman's Conveyances, the Firſt Part.
Cowell's Interpreter.
Regiſter of Writs.
Holioke's Dictionary.
Popham's Reports.
Coke's Reports.
Bulſtrode's Reports.
Dr. Littleton's Dictionary.
Coles's Dictionary.
Greenwood of Courts.
Office of an Executor.
Arcana Clericalia by G. Billinghurſt.
Landlord's Law.
Snell's Merchants Accompts.
—— Penman's Treaſury open'd.
Dalton's Juſtice.
A compleat Hiſtory of England, with the Lives of all the Kings and Queens thereof, from the earlieſt Accounts of time to the Death of King William.